

# The Musical World

## AND Dramatic Observer.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

#### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

It is not the office of "THE MUSICAL WORLD" to beat the "pulpit drum ecclesiastic" or to instruct its readers upon the niceties of clerical law. A passing comment may, however, be ventured upon the case of the Queen v. the Bishop of London, which has just been left in so delightful a state of vagueness by Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Hawkins. The question of the legality of placing images upon a reredos is not brought any nearer to a settlement by the inability of the two judges to agree. In all such questions we believe there lurks an inherent impossibility of settlement, and they probably exist chiefly for the benefit of barristers. But to the æsthetic mind this particular subject of debate has an interest not possessed by many others. Properly put, it is not whether the graven image of the Virgin upon the St. Paul's reredos is legal or illegal, but whether the contemplation of such an image leads to idolatrous worship. It is argued by many—and the argument is as old as the religious instinct itself—that though the ordinary mind may begin by accepting an image as a symbol, prolonged contemplation of that symbol ultimately leads to forgetfulness of the truth symbolised; so that the worshipper's mental vision is at last occupied, so to speak, only with the outside of the symbol. We are frankly inclined to doubt the power of the English religious mind to understand symbolism

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at all. We believe that the worshipper regards this particular form of art simply as art, and does not include it in his scheme of religion. How many, for instance, of the ordinary church-goers ask themselves what is signified by the statue of the Virgin and Child in the niche above the porch? To those who have never done so it is obvious that the figures cannot serve as a cause of idolatry, inasmuch as there is no thought of worship at all.

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On the other hand, it may fairly be asked whether those who oppose the introduction of such figures into the church would oppose also the hanging above the altar of, say, the Sistine Madonna? There are, perhaps, many who would do so. Their examination should be continued farther, for we would like to know if they consider the Sistine Madonna as provocative of idolatry in a picture gallery; and, if they do not, why it should become so when transferred to a cathedral altar? But if the painted Madonna may pass, why should the same idea become injurious when realised in marble instead of in paint? These are questions which have not yet been satisfactorily answered by those who are arrayed against the adherents of religious art as understood in its highest and best sense.

\* \*

Mr. Frederic Niecks has been saying some hard things about musical taste in London, which, we fear, also have the minor merit, as Mr. Oscar Wilde calls it, of being true. He starts with the statement that "among the large towns throughout the whole length and breadth of the more civilised parts of Europe there is not one so badly provided with music as London." Admitting that there are plenty of excellent musicians of all sorts in London, Mr. Niecks maintains that, with the possible exception of the Crystal Palace concerts, there is no musical institution that can be regarded with unmixed satisfaction. We fear he is right, understanding him to mean that though the Richter and Philharmonic Concerts are admirable, they do not go far enough to supply the want of orchestral music which *ought* to exist all through the year. Then Mr. Niecks "goes for" the crowd of soloists who invade our shores, and asks in what way their performances benefit art.

\* \*

Frankly, we don't know; for, like Mr. Niecks himself, we are continually astonished at the paradoxes of taste constantly shown by the public. Here sensationalism is applauded above art, a well-puffed name above intrinsic merit. Excepting for the moment the little band of real amateurs of music who have both knowledge and taste—exemplified in those who frequent the cheaper parts of St. James's Hall at the "Pops," or flock to the gallery at Covent Garden—the truth seems to be that the English public can see the beauties of a work of art when they have been pointed out and insisted on with sufficient clearness and perseverance, but it is incapable of forming an independent judgment. As Mr. Ruskin once said, having wandered from imagination into truth, the real test of a man's judgment in pictures is not whether he can appreciate what he is told is good, but whether, when turned into a dealer's lumber-room, he can detect a beautiful picture under the dust and cobwebs. So with music. The public has been told that this or that work is great, and has accepted the verdict and admired the work. But it cannot use the knowledge thus acquired as the starting-point for the exercise of an independent faculty of taste. Therefore, when a new artist or a new work is presented, the reception of either depends on the strength of the appeal made either directly by the artist or the work, or indirectly through the advertising agent to the public love of the sensational. In music

blatant vulgarity is the nearest approach to that concrete which is the English idol. Which sayings are not pleasant, but perhaps are not less true for that.

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Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, a pianist who is better known in America than in England, has been discussing the great and interesting subject of the necessity for sympathy between a pianist and the composer whose work he undertakes to interpret. Thus did he announce his text:—

"An eminent pianist, who was an authority on both, once said carelessly to a group of students, including the writer: 'My dear young friends, never kiss a woman or play a composer whom you do not love. Believe me, there will be no more warmth in the one than in the other, and you will wrong them both.'"

Now, concerning the wisdom of the first injunction we offer no opinion, having no sufficient data whereon to found one. For the generic editor somewhat resembles those perceptible but incorporeal corporations of whom it has been said that they have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be saved. Unless he happens to be the editor of a matrimonial paper the pleasing operation exists not for him. But we are at liberty to coincide entirely with the second admonition, which contains a truth seldom or never remembered by the modern pianist. Gifted as he (or she) always is to-day with marvellous *technique*, he imagines that it is necessary to play all the pieces which some one else plays. If he gives a recital—he always does—he must assuredly play Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110; and Bach's Chromatic Fantasia; and two pieces of Chopin, and Schumann's Carnival, and a Liszt Rhapsody. It is plain that only an artist of exceptionally great genius can be in equal sympathy with all the schools herein typified; but what is that to your recitaller? He cheerfully attacks Beethoven in the fantastic spirit in which he approaches the airiest webs of Chopin, and tries to impart to the austere phrases of Bach the barbaric magnificence of Liszt. Rubinstein plays all styles—so must he. *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*, murmurs the writhing critic, quite unregarded by the happy pianist. Can nothing be done to convince the light-hearted gentleman of his mistake? He is not and cannot be in equally complete sympathy with all styles unless he happens to be a genius—which the odds are heavy he is not. How much better it would be if he would carefully give us just the work he can do best; if, recognising his limitations (in most cases they are easily obvious), he would make up his programmes from the composers he really understands. Then the critic would cease to trouble him with such remarks as that "he played Beethoven's Sonata as though it were a nocturne of Chopin," or the like; and the audience would be at rest.

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We hear from a correspondent who is a prominent member of the Wagner Society in London of a curious and amusing contribution to Wagner literature. A letter was sent to his house addressed to "R. Wagner, Esq." Thinking rightly that it would be neither indiscreet nor impertinent to open the letter—as R. Wagner, Esq., is understood to have died some years ago—our correspondent opened it, hoping, we imagine, that it might be a spiritual communication from some one of the master's compeers, who, not having met him in the spirit land, thought him to be still alive. Alas! it was not even a message from Meyerbeer or Mendelssohn, protesting against Wagner's estimate of either's abilities; not even a challenge to a ghostly combat; not even from some critical Rip van Winkle who had never heard of his death (though, were we inclined at the moment to paradox, we

should say that certain critics of this order imagine Wagner to be dead when he is really living). No; it was merely a printed circular from a gentleman who wished to secure the patronage of R. Wagner, Esq., for the excellent beef, mutton, and kidneys of which he was a purveyor. We shall neither offer any conjectures as to the origin of the ludicrous mistake nor draw any inferences as to the belief in Wagner's vitality shown by the enterprising butcher.

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We are always sorry when "honest endeavour" fails to realise its ambition; and, in so far as "The Black Rover" was the result of honest endeavour, we are sorry that Mr. Luscombe Searelle has failed to win support for the extraordinary concoction of which he was candid enough to acknowledge himself the author. But in these dark days one is glad to catch at any straws wherewith to build a frail raft of optimism, and we confess that we are unfeignedly glad that even in London "The Black Rover" was rated at its proper value. Anything more ludicrous than the pathetic scenes or more depressing than the humorous scenes, of this "opera" could hardly be imagined. We were never able to discover the purport of the dreadfully lengthy sermon which was delivered in the last act by the Rover, when he appeared at the back of the stage in blue light; but we have often hoped that it was intended to convince Mr. Luscombe Searelle of the absurdity of his dramatic methods. We hope, moreover, that the composer will take this thought away with him to his Australian home—whither, it is said, he is on the point of retiring. For he threatens to write a new opera on the subject of "Bobadil." Perhaps it would be better if he got a clever friend to write the libretto—or the music—or both.

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Mr. Frederick Harrison is a very moral man indeed, as well as a Positivist. Of course this cannot justly be imputed to him as a fault; probably he cannot help it. But it is possible to be a trifle too moral, and we fear that Mr. Harrison is so. He has been to Athens, where he was greatly pleased—which is very nice for him. Unfortunately the spectacle of the decayed Parthenon has awakened his morality, the consequence of which is that in his lecture at Toynbee Hall he suggested that it was our duty as a moral nation to restore the Elgin marbles to the Greeks. Now the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal" (upon which the discreet Mr. Buchanan has not yet written a play), is all very well in its way, but it has long been recognised that it is inoperative in the sphere of art. There is but one condition—if you steal, you must steal royally. You may annex a whole continent, if you can; but it must be done with all the pomp and circumstance of a genuine British conquest, and the work of civilisation and improvement must be set about at once. For the artist this commandment runs: "Thou shalt not be found out in pilfering."

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Mr. Harrison will hardly deny that the "conveyance" of the Elgin marbles from Athens to London was a case of royal, or Shakespearian robbery justified by its results. If it can be proved that the glorious sculptures would have been better cared for in Athens than in London, and that they would have given delight to a greater number of artistic or historical students, there would be a good case for their restoration to Greece. But it is notorious that the grossest acts of vandalism have generally been committed by the governments and nations of the countries in which the particular works of art were found; and every traveller is familiar with



the apathy with which the inhabitants of any picturesque country regard the noblest sights amongst which they have spent their lives. "Ah! si vous saviez comme c'est monotone pour nous autres," said the driver of an omnibus plying between Geneva and Ferney, in reply to the enthusiastic admiration of a passenger who looked for the first time upon the panorama of Mont Blanc and his court. The dreadful saying is typical. Love of country must not be confounded with artistic appreciation of it, for the least intelligent can say "This is my own, my native land," without being able to point out its beauties. And after all a great work of art belongs to the world, and in proportion to its greatness is the number of its rightful owners. Does Mr. Harrison really mean to say that the æsthetic influence of the Elgin marbles is not greater now that we possess them than if they were back in Greece? He should be the first to recognise that this is one of the cases in which academic, or rather sentimental morality must give way to expediency; and at least he is an example of the terrible results of being righteous over much.

We are, we are sorry to say, unaware of the precise place and function in the musical universe of Mr. Silas G. Pratt. His name often appears in the American journals, not seldom accompanied by uncomplimentary remarks. From this we infer that he is a man of some ability, and the inference is further justified by some remarks made by him on the subject of the American native composer. Without professing to have the only recipe for the production of this desirable being, Mr. Pratt has laid down some excellent rules for the guidance of the composer, when he does come along. Here is one:—

One word to young composers. Don't write unless you have an idea. Don't think that by taking a few notes and calling them a motive and repeating them all in different keys, it is a composition. It is no more a composition than it would be a poem to write thus: "The day is cold and dark and dreary. The day is cold and dark, &c. The day is cold, &c. The day is cold, &c." Simple repetition of one sentence in different pitch of voice or accentuation does not make a poem; ditto musical composition.

Of course the truth of this is quite obvious, when you come to think of it; but an obvious truth is not necessarily an unimportant one. Young composers of all ages on this side might do worse than ponder over Mr. Pratt's remarks.

A satisfactory proof of the widespread interest now taken in art was furnished on Tuesday last by the overflowing and intelligent audience which greeted Dr. Bridge as he stepped forward to deliver his inaugural lecture as Professor of Music at Gresham College. His popularity as a composer and a certain amount of curiosity to know how he would acquit himself as a lecturer may have attracted some, but from the appreciative manner in which the lecture was followed it was evident that something more than mere curiosity had attracted the majority. Signs were not wanting that the audience, though friendly, was a critical one, and expected more than a series of irreproachable platitudes. How Professor Bridge met those expectations may be easily imagined. Endowed with a genial manner, a keen sense of the humorous, and possessing an apparently inexhaustible enthusiasm for his art, the new professor speedily secured the goodwill of his listeners, and long before the lecture was over it was evident that one of the most popular lecturers at Gresham College would be the organist of Westminster Abbey.

We understand that Mr. F. Niecks is a candidate for the Chair of Music at the Edinburgh University.

The most important Dante Lecture ever given in England will take place at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, December 13th, under the auspices, as it is hoped, of His Highness Prince Lucien Bonaparte. Count Ferrero, LL.D., of Padua, will speak in Italian on the scope of "The Divine Comedy." The Rev. Mr. Harford, of Westminster Abbey, will read a metrical translation of the 5th Canto of the "Inferno" (Francesca da Rimini). Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed, our highest English Dante scholar and Historical Lecturer of the University of Oxford, will speak on "Dante's Message to the World;" and Mr. Churton Collins, also Historical Lecturer of the same University and one of the chief writers of the "Quarterly Review," will speak upon the influence of Dante on the Poets of Great Britain.

A handsome monument has recently been erected in the churchyard of St. Michael's, Tenbury, over the grave of the late Rev. Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley. It is in the form of a recumbent tomb, executed in polished red granite, with a cross of pure white marble resting upon it, and is the work of Messrs. Gaffin and Co., sculptors, of Regent-street. The inscription on the memorial is as follows:—

This Stone  
is laid on his grave by a number of his friends  
in loving memory of  
The Reverend Sir Frederick Arthur Gore-Ouseley, Baronet.  
Born 12th August, 1825;  
Died 6th April, 1889.  
Vicar of this Parish, and Founder of the Church and College of  
St. Michael and All Angels.  
"The Redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion"

Mr. Sotheran will issue to the public on December 1st the volume of epigrams by the Rev. F. K. Harford which we were enabled to announce some months ago. The collection is in many ways unique, for, almost alone of contemporary men, Mr. Harford seems to have inherited the faculty, otherwise forgotten, of crystallising into the clear form of the epigram the qualities of wit, fancy, and scholarship. An advance copy has been forwarded to us too late to receive the careful notice it deserves. We shall accordingly return to its consideration next week. We understand that a few copies are on sale this week at Mr. Sotheran's, but the day of publication is December 1st, that being the birthday of the Princess of Wales.

Mr. Albert Visetti, Professor of Singing at the Guildhall School of Music, has been presented by some of his pupils with a handsome pair of silver fruit stands, bearing a suitable inscription, as well as the recipient's monogram, accompanied with an illuminated address. The special occasion which elicited this mark of esteem was the distinguished professor's recent marriage.

It is unusual for a pianist who has been received with warmth in any country to refuse to carry out his subsequent engagements. Mr. Daniel Mayer, however, who had made many arrangements in England for Mr. Sapellnikoff, has been informed by that gentleman that he declines to fulfil the engagements made on his behalf. We understand that the Russian pianist has not assigned any reason for this curious determination. At any rate, we do not suppose that art will suffer.

M. Paderewski will be the pianist, and Mr. Plunkett Greene the vocalist at the Crystal Palace concert this afternoon.

We should like to call our readers' attention to the appeal made by Mr. G. W. L. Marshall Hall on behalf of a musician in our columns last week. As will be seen by his letter this week, £5 has been already subscribed; and we are in a position to state that the artist on whose behalf the appeal is made is well worthy of such help as may be offered.

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A farewell dinner, by the way, was given at the Holborn Restaurant on Wednesday evening to Mr. Marshall Hall, who sailed for Melbourne on Friday. Mr. Hamish MacCunn took the chair, and everyone concurred in wishing the best of good fortune to the guest of the evening in his new sphere of activity. In those wishes we heartily concur.

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The Sherborne Philharmonic Society are to produce Louis N. Parker's new dramatic cantata, "Young Tamlane," on Monday, December 15. The solo parts will be taken by Miss Marianne Rea, Miss Elsie Holme, Mr. E. T. Morgan, and Mr. C. H. Hodgson.

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M. Emile Sauret has been appointed as chief Professor of the Violin at the R.A.M. as successor to the late Prosper Sainton. The appointment evidently implies the opinion of the committee that no Englishman is so competent to discharge the duties. We fear the committee is right.

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M. Ysaye and Master Gerardy, the young violoncellist, who is said to be a phenomenal artist, arrived in England on Thursday, and at once proceeded to Nottingham, where they appeared at a concert with M. Paderewski. The boy will appear at St. James's Hall on Dec. 4th.

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At Dr. Mackenzie's request Mr. Southgate has promised to repeat his lecture on the recently discovered Egyptian flutes before the professors and students of the R.A.M. on the afternoon of Dec. 3.

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Miss Liza Lehmann, Madame Enriquez, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Norman Salmond will be the principal vocalists at the Scotch Ballad Concert to be given in St. James's Hall next Saturday evening. The Glasgow Select Choir will also sing.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give two of their delightful vocal recitals on Monday afternoons, Nov. 24 and Dec. 8, at 3:0, in Princes' Hall.

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Mr. Charles Copland—who will give a vocal recital at the Steinway Hall on the evening of the 27th—has been engaged by Mr. D'Oyly Carte to play in Sir Arthur Sullivan's much-talked-of grand opera.

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An orchestral work by Miss Oliveria Prescott, entitled "In Woodland—by Beech, and Yew, and Tangled Brake," will be performed on Dec. 1st at Mr. Riseley's "Monday Pops" at Bristol.

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Spohr's "Last Judgment" will be sung in St. Paul's Cathedral, with full orchestra and the Cathedral Choir, on Tuesday evening, December 2, at 7 p.m.

## CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: If so stale a discussion will not bore your readers and depreciate your circulation too much I should desire leave to utter a few words upon the everlasting question of critics and criticism, concerning which much has lately been said—and well said—in your columns. Referring to the paragraph you quote from "The Overture" (which I am glad you recognise as "rote sarkastic") I may surely affirm that no one who thinks upon the matter can suppose it likely, or even possible, that critical opinions should ever be unanimous. The exasperating thing, to the artist, is that the more inferior and incompetent his critic (and you admit the existence of such) the more dogmatic is his tone and the more absolute his assumption of infallibility. The competent critic (and who more ready than I to admit the existence of such?) when brought face to face with something new in art, criticises the *technique* of the work and frankly confesses that, though the work has pleased or displeased him, this fact is no criterion of its intrinsic worth or future estimation; the foolish critic, on the other hand, knowing that the public look to him as their oracle and mouthpiece, dare not be modest, but slams down an opinion of some sort, and the more forcibly he expresses it the more it is taken for gospel by the Carlylean majority. This great evil could only be remedied by the abolition of anonymity in criticism, when the oracle would be reft of his god-like mystery and would take his own very human aspect. For observe: the plural pronoun and the conventional critical phrases may at one moment mask the personality of Sir John Jones, whose opinion every artist respects (though he may not agree with it) and the next moment, since the great man cannot be in two places at once, we are expected to accord equal honour to the views of his substitute, printer's foreman, or what not, Mr. Midas Smith. And the opinion of the latter will be read by perhaps half-a-million of our fellow-countrymen under the impression that it emanates from the former.

Another serious point: at present several London musical critics—whether good or bad, matters not—write each for several important papers. It is obvious that this gives opportunity for a seeming unanimity which may create a very wrong impression on the mind of the person criticized as well as on the public. In such cases it seems to me the positive duty of the honest critic to at least sign his initials or the same pseudonym to all his writings. But this will never be done, for critics know that the general public put far more faith in an impersonal voice than in the thunders of any known individual. The public neither know nor care that their critic of the "Daily Typewriter" or the "Brazen Lyre" is engaged by the editor solely for his journalistic capabilities, which are certainly great.

Musicians are not only willing but anxious to be criticised by their fellows, and the two or three critics—I need name no names—who have had a technical musical education are listened to with respect and esteem by those—yes, those whom they find it their duty to reprove; but the voice of the pretender, whether uplifted in praise or blame, goads us to exasperation because we know it will be listened to and respected by thousands of our fellow creatures who will not, or cannot, form an independent judgment of their own. Our only comfort is that criticism is as fleeting as the wind; that while the opinions of musicians—though erroneous—live, the fulminations of the average critic are forgotten before next week's paper comes out.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

THE WRITER OF THE PARAGRAPH IN "THE OVERTURE."

## MR. MARSHALL HALL'S APPEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: With regard to the appeal made last week in your columns, will you kindly allow me to acknowledge the sum of £5 from "A Sympathiser with the Unfortunate," and to ask that further contributions be sent to Mr. J. Runciman, 21, Geraldine-road, Wandsworth, who has been good enough to take charge of the affair, as I sail on Friday for Australia.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

St. Michael's Mount, Bournemouth.



## ON CONSULTING PROFESSORS AND SPECIALISTS IN MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: It has often struck me as strange that in the world of music there is no analogue to the consulting physician in medicine; an authority, namely, of the highest order, but yet from whom any person able to pay a fee has a right to obtain an opinion. Surely the want must constantly have been felt by musical students and teachers. But what pianoforte professor would not be surprised were he applied to by a total stranger for an appointment on a given day, as the said stranger wished to be examined in his playing? Or again, if the professor received a letter from some unknown country music-master, saying "he was not satisfied with the progress of one of his pupils, and he would like a further opinion as to the right method to be adopted for him, and therefore requested a consultation," would he not regard it as a strange request?

In medicine an analogous case to this latter would be when a local doctor brings a patient who was not making satisfactory progress up to some celebrated physician in London, and after consultation receives instructions as to what treatment is to be pursued. In the former instance the patient would himself consult the physician, and receive his opinion as to what malady he is suffering from, and if necessary be recommended to some doctor who has made that particular malady his special study. This patient may previously have been under some very good general practitioner, but from whom he had derived no benefit. For, from sheer want of experience, the doctor may have failed to treat successfully or even discover the malady the patient was suffering from.

This leads to the second part of my subject, namely, specialists in the art of teaching.

No one will deny that the best pianoforte teachers have their own particular method of teaching—whether according to tradition or the outcome of their own experience. Their respective pupils may reach the same point of excellence, but their playing could always be readily distinguished. How constantly one hears the remark, "That must be a pupil of So-and-so;" or, "None except a pupil of — could play like that." A good master might resent being told he lent more attention to one branch of *technique* than another; and yet everyone who knows anything about pianoforte playing must admit that in any conservatoire neither age, sex, nor nationality will produce such different results as different professor's teaching. Therefore, whether openly recognised or not, the fact must exist that certain masters and certain methods would suit, and be of more advantage to, one pupil than another. And upon this very point a consulting professor would be able to decide, granted he had as thorough a knowledge of the different music-masters as a physician has of the different medical men. Surely flexible but very weak muscles, and an uncertain "woolly" touch need treatment different from stiff and strong muscles with a hard "pointed" touch; or, again, the fingers might be well trained, but the wrist out of order; or the legato touch good and the staccato touch bad; or, more generally speaking, a student's playing might require delicacy and finish, and another, perhaps, firmness and breadth. This the consulting professor would find out after a thorough examination, and be able tell the student who was the right man to put himself under.

No doubt the answer to these remarks would be, why does not the student place himself directly under the consulting professor, from whom he would certainly derive great benefit? But this is exactly the point. The professor's terms are too high and his time too limited. If we turn once again to medicine, we know that great physicians rarely attend a long case; they are called in in consultation, but they delegate the daily attendance to a subordinate in whom they have full confidence. Why, therefore, should we expect it to be otherwise in music?

If a few of our leading professors would appoint so many days in the month which they would devote to private examinations\* and consultations, they would confer an immense boon on many a student and teacher. Few and far between are the cases of great talent, abundant funds, or influential friends, which would appear, as matters now stand, to be the only means of justifying an application to a celebrated artist. Certainly great artists often, out of kindness and generosity, give advice and

\* The fact that public examinations in music are now held more frequently both in London and the provinces than formerly does not appear to me to do away with the want of consulting professors in the very least degree. For, beyond the student knowing whether he has passed or not, and beyond the examination having been an incentive to him to work, he would gain nothing. Detailed comments on his good and bad qualities and advice as to his future studies are not to be expected from the examiners.

help spontaneously. But to feel we had the *right* to ask for an opinion from the highest authority without appearing to be presumptuous and without having to be under an obligation would indeed be a blessing.

Apologising for the length of this letter,

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

A. H. W.

Nov. 10, 1890.

## GRESHAM COLLEGE LECTURES.

"With this address I begin the active duties of the office of Gresham Professor of Music, to which I have had the honour of being preferred." Such were the opening words which Dr. J. F. Bridge last Tuesday evening addressed to an audience which literally extended from floor to ceiling in the lecture theatre of Gresham College. The new Professor divided his discourse into two parts, viz., that which had been done by his predecessors in the office and that which he hoped to accomplish himself. As may be imagined of one who is endowed with so keen a sense of the ludicrous as Professor Bridge, much in the past doings of the College afforded opportunities of humorous comparison with the present, of which the lecturer was not slow to avail himself, and several times the reading of the paper had to be suspended owing to the laughter raised by his quaint remarks. Thus the fact that since the time of the appointment of Dr. John Bull, the first musical professor, in 1596, three of the holders of the musical chair had been clergymen and five medical men was amusingly referred to. Much musical activity prevailed about the period of the foundation of the College, a proof of which was afforded in the publication of the great work by Morley, "A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music," the first treatise on music published in England being dated 1597. In 1609 Dowland published a translation of Ornithoparcus's "Musice Activæ Micrologus." Other important treatises, many of which had a European reputation, were written about this time, and made it more remarkable that the Gresham chair should have been "annexed" by clergymen and medical doctors, and, as Hawkins avers—but of this the lecturer was doubtful—by a barber! The Gresham College might be regarded as the mother of the Royal Society, to the members of which we were so greatly indebted for modern discoveries and scientific progress. Several of the members of the latter had been professors of the former. During the last hundred years the professors of music had been musical men. Professor Aylward, appointed in 1771, was one of the conductors of the Handel Festival in Westminster Abbey in 1784, and Stevens, appointed in 1801, was honoured as a glee writer. Concerning their lectures—they probably gave none. Such laxities were no exception to the practices of those times. It was said that Dr. Crotch, who was Oxford Professor at the time Professor Taylor was appointed to Gresham College, had not lectured in Oxford for twenty-five years. Professor Edward Taylor, who preceded the late Professor Wylde, was appointed in 1837, and was an excellent lecturer and conductor, and did much to bring Spohr into notice in England. The acquirements of the lecturer's immediate predecessor, Professor Wylde, were too well known to need comment; but it might be mentioned that it was to his efforts that we owed the first performance in this country of some of Berlioz' important orchestral works at the New Philharmonic Society, of which he was the founder.

With regard to his own projects, Professor Bridge said "it would be his aim to make the lectures valuable to *all* sections of the musical world of London; to the amateur who loves music and was interested in its historical and antiquarian rather than its technical side; and also to the student who strove to master its technicalities, and whose needs he thought had been overlooked in the lectures on music of the day." The lecturer thought it would be possible to find subjects suitable to both these sections. He was aware that the professorial lecture was not a class lesson, and that technical terms and details could only be comprehended by the intelligent student; but he thought in the present state of musical culture in London and the thousands of pupils now attending the many musical colleges that he should be able to secure an audience to whom his remarks would be helpful and profitable. Moreover he could not but think that the word "theoretique" which was used in the ordinances drawn up by the Gresham Committee in 1597, descriptive of the earlier part of the music lecture, referred to the science of music and not merely its history and progress. The latter was easily acquired from books, but analysis of form and modulation were much more easily learned by lecture and illustration. One evening in each series would therefore be devoted to the student and to explanations

of musical form, and he trusted his audience on these occasions would help him to make the experiment a success. After the lecture Deputy Cox, the chairman for the year, and Mr. Isaacs (late Lord Mayor) spoke a few eulogistic words expressive of their appreciation of the lecture and their confidence in the ability and admirable intentions of Professor Bridge.

On the following evening (last Wednesday) Professor Bridge took for his subject "Mozart as a Teacher," founding his remarks on a collection of MSS. of exercises written by Thomas Attwood and corrected by Mozart. These exercises, of which Attwood wrote between three and four hundred, seem to have been jealously guarded by Attwood, who at his death left them to the late Sir John Goss, from whose widow Professor Bridge acquired them. Attwood at nine years of age was admitted as chorister in the Chapel Royal, and at sixteen had the good fortune to play before the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, who was so pleased with his performance that he sent him to Naples to study under Fillippo Cinque and Latilla. In 1785 he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to become the pupil of Mozart. One great lesson which the examination of the MSS. taught was the extreme care and thought Mozart lavished on his pupils. His conscientiousness in this respect was confirmed by some letters to his father concerning a dull lady pupil and the compilations of his "Succinct method of Thorough Bass," which, from a letter from Mr. F. G. Holmes to Mr. Novello, was written to meet the requirements of one pupil, a niece. The interest and value of the MSS. were greatly increased by the marginal notes made on them by Mozart. These were written in Italian, but one phrase was in English, presumably that it might be clearly understood. It was "You are an ass." The lecturer was sorry to say it was written twice. Attwood apparently often left his exercises for his Master's corrections. Thus Mozart writes concerning one: "This afternoon I was not at home, I pray you call for it at 3.30 p.m." Appended to this was the only signature of Mozart. With another Attwood writes, "Mr. Thomas Attwood presents his compliments to Mr. Mozart, and hopes the example will meet with approbation, as he has taken great care to leave no room for corrections. In the year of our Lord, the 23rd July, 1785." A great many "corrections" were, however, discernible. It was surprising to notice the care with which Mozart had made these corrections, and the skill with which he had used the material of Attwood to show what might be done with it. Mozart took his pupil through a long course of strict counterpoint, and the lecturer said he was glad to have an opportunity of expressing his conviction of its extreme value to all musical students in the present day. If counterpoint were well taught and diligently studied it never failed to interest the pupil and to improve the texture of his compositions. Some modern teachers seemed to try to make this study as disagreeable as they could by depriving it of modern tonality. The lecturer thought this was a great mistake. Mozart freely used modulation in the exercises under notice, and he thought this authority was sufficient to justify the adoption of tuneful subjects acceptable to modern ears. The parts written by Mozart in the exercises were especially distinguished by a peculiar brace mark and manner of making the bass clef sign. These peculiarities were observable in all the authenticated copies which the lecturer had seen, including those MSS. recently found. He believed he was the first to notice this important piece of evidence, which might be of great value in the future.

The following pieces from the exercises were admirably played, some by Professor Bridge on the pianoforte, and others on strings by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dolmetsch and one of Mr. Dolmetsch's pupils:—A few exercises in chords with corrections made by Mozart; a canon in four parts and another in three parts; a charmingly simple but very clever fugue in C, in two parts; another in three parts, in B flat, remarkable for some part of the subject being contained in every bar, and which the Professor characterised as "one of the cleverest things he knew." All these were wholly by Mozart, and written as examples for Attwood to copy. Two minuets in F by Attwood, with additions and alterations (which were explained) by Mozart; Air in C, written for Attwood to write variations upon, which were also played; Air in G and an andante in E flat, the latter full of old world grace, by Attwood and Mozart; Minuet in C by Attwood for strings, with a trio added by Mozart which had never been published and was then heard in public for the first time. In conclusion, the Professor said that Mozart thought highly of Attwood, and one day said that "he partakes more of my style than any of my pupils." Attwood left Vienna in February, 1787, doubtless bringing with him the MSS. which they saw before them, and which, so long as they were in the lecturer's possession, would be kept by him as the most precious relics of the immortal Mozart.

## ELIZABETHAN MUSIC.

With the aid of the Rev. and Mrs. Galpin and their valuable collection of old instruments Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams gave a graphic and admirable lecture on the music common in England during the reign of "Good Queen Bess." After briefly sketching the historical events which led to England's satisfactory condition at that period Mr. Williams said "it was a remarkable fact that, in the days of Elizabeth, England had a school of music of its own which for a considerable period progressed uninfluenced by Continental music. Until this time the laws of music had been propounded by Church musicians, who looked with contempt upon the songs of the people; but organists then began to write secular music, and in so doing imparted to it a dignity and beauty it had never before possessed. Then arose the Madrigal and Canzonet, which had never been surpassed. The usual routine of a young lady's education was to read and write, to play on the virginals, lute and cithern and to read "prick-song" at first sight, while a gentleman who could not take his part at sight in a madrigal was thought to be imperfectly educated. Music took an important place in daily life. The most usual mode of spending the evening after a dinner party was to sit round the table and sing madrigals. For the amusement of visitors while waiting, the bass viol hung in the parlour. Each trade and even the beggars had their own special songs. Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, and carters whistled. The lute, cithern, and virginals were part of a barber's stock-in-trade, kept to amuse customers while waiting their turn. There was music at dinners, at weddings, at funerals, at night, at dawn, at work and at play. The translators of the Bible gave the Hebrew instruments there mentioned the names of those in common use at the time. The French translators acted on the same principle, and hence we have it that David played upon the harp, while the French have it that he played on a violin, and that which is translated lute with us in the French was translated bagpipe. During Elizabeth's reign instruments were chiefly used to accompany and support the voice, and perhaps it was owing to this fact that our ancestors preferred instruments of soft tone. Even the dulcimer was objected to as being too loud.

Mr. Abdy Williams then gave an admirable description of the musical instruments in the sixteenth century, specimens of which were exhibited. The most remarkable of these was a Bible Regal, the smallest kind of this type, recently brought by Mr. Galpin from Neustadt, in Bavaria, where it had been last used by the village schoolmaster to teach the boys music. Specimens of this form of the instrument were extremely rare, only three being known to exist in England and but few on the Continent. It consisted of a keyboard of about three octaves, which doubled over in half longitudinally. Behind each key was a small pipe, about three inches long, in one end of which was inserted a striking reed, the construction being similar to that of a reed in a modern organ. The wind was supplied by a small double bellows, blown by a second person, and acted directly on the reeds in a similar manner to that in the modern harmonium when the expression stop was drawn. The bellows when closed formed a case for the rest of the instrument, the whole having somewhat the appearance of an old Bible, from which it derived its name. The sounds it produced somewhat resembled the quacking of an assemblage of ducks at feeding time. Another instrument which deserves mention was the Lyra Mendicorum, or beggar's fiddle. In this the strings were put in vibration by a revolving wheel, and the notes produced by a key-board, which ran from the neck downwards. When played by Mr. Galpin the effect was that of a wheezy bagpipe. Illustrations were also played by Mr. Galpin on the Recorder, which may be described as a bass flute of soft and rich tone quality, but played *à bec*, on a Waite, practically a flageolet, and from which we derive our title for certain persons who make night hideous at Christmas-time, and the original of the cornet, a straight, conical tube, with lateral holes. The effect of *Ein feste burg* played on the latter instrument, and accompanied on the regal is indescribable, and fully accounts for our ancestors' partiality for instruments of the string family. Mrs. Galpin also proved herself a deft performer on the Theorbo and Lute, the former being a double-headed Lute furnished with bass strings. Amongst remarkable pieces performed were "Selling's Round" from "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," probably one of the oldest dances extant, played by Mr. Abdy Williams on the spinet; a cushion dance, of which an interesting account is given by Mr. Chapelle in his "History of Music," played on a Theorbo and a treble and bass Viol; and a Morris Dance for the Cithern played by Mr. Galpin. The interest of the lecture was also greatly en-



hanced by the finished singing of Miss Stable in "O, Willow, Willow" (16th century), in which she was accompanied on the lute by Mrs. Galpin. Mr. Geo. Rogers in "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair"; and the admirable rendering of several Madrigals and Canzonets by Miss Stable, Miss Pollock, Miss Radcliffe, Mr. W. Blakesley and Mr. E. Antrobus.

### THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

The merit of the exhibition at the Institute lies not in the high class of the work as a whole but in the admission to the sacred precincts of certain pictures which would, a year or so back, have been rejected without ceremony. This is perhaps the only redeeming feature, even as it is undoubtedly one of very great value; for if the Institute committee are unable to attract to the gallery enough really good work to form an interesting or useful display it is still a great boon to the artistic world that promise of liberality often shown by the members, who determine what shall or shall not be hung. For although the high-bred artist is daily taught that his rewards are not of this life, yet it is of some importance that he should live, and the receipt of kindly consideration from a body who can confer upon him the title R.I. and the right of dubbing himself "Esquire" has this advantage—that it makes him a gentleman in the eyes of the public and an artist in the sight of the dealers, both bodies necessary to the existence of the ordinary workaday artist, even if they sometimes go astray, as will the very best of flocks at times. This year then, we can at least have the pleasure of sincerely congratulating the hanging committee of the Institute on their having forged somewhat ahead, although perhaps many of the exhibits could have been rejected with reason, and more wall space left at the disposal of the smaller proportion of good pictures. Perhaps the largest number of worthy works are among those hanging in the first room; indeed a sketch by Mr. Charles Kerr (No. 5) is worth looking at; although it comes so early on the list. The title is "An Academy Picture," which is being painted by a veritable artist with pipe and all the sportsmanlike attributes which no genuine painter is ever without. The result of landscape painting within doors is lamentable as a rule, but this record of the process is interesting. In No. 7, "A Village High Street," there is merit of a different kind; there is a decorative value united with the principles of the naturalistic school, resulting in a really good work, which is tantamount to saying that this sunny village street is represented as pleasant in composition and not without colour. "A West Coast Haven" (No. 12) is also an outdoor picture, or we are deceived; it is by Mrs. F. S. Richardson, and is very simple and pretty, just a contrast between a strip of purplish sea and soft-toned yellow grasses. The "Upland Croft" (No. 16), by the same painter, shows rather more manner, and is not quite so successful; while the "Corner of the Stackyard" (No. 18), by Mr. F. W. Jackson, is a plain, apparently truthful rendering of a subject not overwhelming by reason of its interest, treated in the style of an avowed naturalistic painter. "A Sea Idyll" (No. 23), by Mr. Wetherbee, who is a member of the Institute, should be noticed, inasmuch as a subject of some value has been chosen, and the painting is an attempt at broad and simple work which it is pleasant to see, even though the outcome be not entirely successful. But it is not easy to paint the flesh tones which render beautiful boys who bathe in the sunshine, and a conscientious effort in this direction must not be despised. The place of honour in the room is assigned to Miss Ethel Wright's "Whispers" (No. 40), a large canvas on which a Cupid is represented supplying motives for thought to a maiden partly draped, who is hesitating on the margin of a reedy pool. There is no great interest here, but the technique is fair—a not altogether unimportant point. Mr. Quilter has seemingly cast aside many a prejudice before boldly essaying to portray "Waves in Sunlight," as seen in No. 45. The work is very broad, is colourful and advanced, and shows Mr. Quilter to be in sympathy with the Cornish Impressionistic school, a not very numerous, but exceedingly earnest body, perhaps more earnest if less showy than our own London Impressionists. Another noticeable record of the sea is to be found in "The Chapman Sands" (No. 73), by Mr. John Fraser, who has treated the sea and the sand with a view to produce a decorative picture, and has done so. Mr. Aumonier, R.I., sends a view "On a Sussex Farm" (No. 75), which shows some feeling, as does all Mr. Aumonier's work. It is, however, not decorative, as its sombre tones are employed to depict but too faithfully the cold twilight of a wet day. Another work of sober colour, very strong

technique, is Mr. Haité's "Cleaning Milk Cans" at a riverside in Holland. The thoroughly romantic spirit and masterly treatment in this work go far to place it among the best pictures of the exhibition. A study for a picture, "As the Red Moon rose o'er a Sussex Down," by Mr. Padgett, whose larger work was well noticed at the New Gallery early this year, if we remember rightly, lacks some of the essentials of a really complete work, but is deserving of attention; and Mr. Kenneth Deas' "Forge," which hangs below, may be mentioned as containing nice colour and the evidence of an intention to do good work. There is in this room a sketch by Mr. Herman Herkomer, which is clever in its light and shade; and "The Dock, Exmouth," have afforded to Miss Lily Bristow a pretty subject, which she has treated nicely in fresh clear tints.

In the Central Gallery we find another contribution from Mr. William Padgett, "The Village Cross" (No. 169); a subject which we have met with before in this painter's work. The low tones in which the picture is painted are combined with a skill not altogether unpoetical. Miss Ethel Rose shows us "A Village Common in South Wales" (No. 183), which is not exactly lovely but is well intended, a characteristic not too common. The portrait of Miss Campbell Moffat (No. 219), by Mr. W. T. Maud, shows the work of a painter who evidently has an ideal, and who if he goes farther should do some first class work in portraiture. The ideal in Mr. Haynes Williams's "Sweet Silence" (No. 257) is confined, we fear, to high finish, which is certainly attained, yet with the total loss of interest; and Mr. C. Wyllie has disappointed us with his "Upnore Castle" (No. 270) which is decidedly weak for this painter. There is good work hanging below it, however, in Mr. E. A. Rowe's "Cornish Village, Evening," which is rendered valuable by its colour, being somewhat more than a mere statement in paint that a certain village high street at eventime contained two little girls, a shepherd, and his flock. We are accustomed to associate clever workmanship with the name of Mr. Markham Skipworth, and we have it in No. 285, "Caught by the Tide," but, alas! cleverness is made to atone for every other artistic quality. Did Mr. Skipworth catch this lady crossing the Park and "fake" the rest of his work in the studio, we wonder? It is otherwise with the "Summer Sketch," No. 302, by Mr. Adrian Stokes. This is meant to show summer, and it does so. In its tendency the sketch is impressionistic, and we are not sorry to see it on the Institute walls. Mr. Cayley Robinson's work, "The Ferryman's Daughter," is naturalistic enough, but is unlovely, a fact to be deplored; it is forcible, but not attractive. Not so, however, with Mr. Alfred East's "Light March," which has been made a means of putting on to canvas some good colour; while the tiny portrait of Mr. J. J. Shannon, by Mr. Arthur Hacker (No. 349), shows bold handling and good likeness. "L'Etude" (No. 392) is a vigorous sketch of a vulgar theme by Mr. L. Raven-Hill, whose work is at times not only clever, as this is, but also artistic. In this instance a study is by no means a picture. Before leaving the central gallery a pretty note in pleasant tones by Mr. Robert Fowler, an "Odalisque," will be found to contain artistic feeling and expression; its number is 414. In the east gallery an "Evening" piece, by Mr. R. W. Allan, of the Old Water-colour Society, shows an appreciation of warm tones, although these are combined with no striking originality; and Mr. Tom Henry's "Running for the Beach" (No. 536) is a wet, breezy picture worth notice. "Adversity," No. 557, by Mr. T. B. Kennington, is a clever rendering of a painful subject, alas! too common to us all to teach us much by this new telling of it. It is not beautiful; it is barely instructive, and is very sad. Mr. Cotman is not seen to advantage in his rather tame "Sunset" No. 583, for we have met with stronger work of his; and Mr. Fowler's large "Nearing Home" No. 589, though powerful, shows rather less individuality than his smaller and gayer work which we mentioned above. The "Stragglers" in No. 627, by Mr. Harry James, are unfortunately too geometrical to be attractive, otherwise the panel would have some value, as there is nice colour in the girl figure, the straying geese, and the moonlit cliff with which the figure and the birds make so square a composition. A child's portrait (No. 642) by Mr. J. J. Shannon shows that the painter is not losing his facility, even if he be yielding to it; and the list may be closed with Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Incoming Tide" (No. 672), which is honoured by a good position near the sky—in this case a happy chance, as it is not difficult to overlook the work which hangs beneath.

"The highest criticism is that which leaves an impression similar to the one produced by the original that calls it forth."—Schumann.

## THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

The Churchman Militant has disappeared, and in his place we have the Churchman Musical. To compare the two types were a piece of gratuitous impertinence, although Mr. Haweis, the archetype of the latter, would certainly have nothing to fear from the comparison. There will be some, perhaps, who, looking at the sturdy and warlike part Mr. Haweis has played in the developments of modern music, will maintain that he is really the Churchman Militant, and that the particular direction in which his energies have turned is the result of the fact that there is little fighting of any other kind to be done nowadays. At any rate, Mr. Haweis, had he lived a few centuries earlier, would probably have been a Knight Templar and a minstrel. As it is he has fought for music; and a good fight he has made. Hugh Reginald Haweis was born on April 3, 1838, at Egham, his father being Rector of Slaugham, Sussex. His early years were mostly spent at Brighton, where the foundations of his musical experience were laid chiefly by aid of eighteenpenny fiddles. What appalling feats the child accomplished upon these instruments of woe is told with inimitable humour in Mr. Haweis' book, "My Musical Life." The ruthless exigencies of space forbid us to quote or even to recapitulate, however briefly, the stories therein told of the young amateur's first efforts towards art, or of his later adventures when, in 1858, he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. His assistance at the Siege of Capua was not the least interesting performance of his young manhood; but from the time when he was appointed to his first curacy at St. Peter's, Bethnal Green, his life has been devoted entirely to the service of his church and his art. With his career as a preacher we have here little to do. It need only be said that the church with which he has been connected since 1866, St. James's, Marylebone, has come to be regarded as one of the strongest outposts of modern religious thought, for Mr. Haweis as a preacher is remarkable not less for eloquence than for breadth of sympathy and thought. As a musician it is difficult to over-estimate the value of his work. That he is one of the best amateur violinists in England is the least of his merits; nor is it merely as an authority on church bells or American humour that he will be most gratefully remembered. His highest title to recognition is that he has helped more than any other single man to acquaint the English mind with the greatness and sacredness of musical art, and to reveal its secrets to the average mind. This, it will be admitted, is a far higher accomplishment than the mere "popularisation" of music. He has helped not a little, too, towards the general recognition of Wagner, and his writings thereon entitle him to the respect of all loyal lovers of the great master.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

Sir A. Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard" has been brought out in German at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre of Berlin. Herr Otto Lessmann, who would appear to have paid a visit to the Savoy Theatre during his stay in England, writes as follows with reference to the performance:—"People in Germany cry out upon the 'unmusical English,' but they need only once see a Sullivan opera at the Savoy and compare what is there presented with what is offered as an artistic performance here in the musical capital of the empire to convince themselves that there is to be found a faultless ensemble elaborated with the utmost care, with competent singers and actors; whilst here, in fact, pure realism reigns, and the most tasteless distortions enjoy the loudest applause of the 'artistically-intelligent' Berlin public. There are in the score of the 'Yeomen' some excellent pieces of music which exhibit just as much melodious charm as they show the hand of the careful and practised musician. A four-part madrigal in Act II. hits to perfection the style of this ancient form. A trio for three male voices is also a masterpiece of musical humour. . . . The reception of the work was very favourable, several numbers being received with loud applause and cries for an encore."

The "Musikalisches Wochenblatt" publishes a little vocal duet entitled "Sommerruh," by Robert Schumann, which has been disinterred from the pages of a musical almanac published by Schad, of Nürnberg, in 1850, and which seems to have been entirely overlooked or forgotten by the editors of Schumann's works. Some letters of Schumann to the publisher leave no doubt of the genuineness of the composition, and furnish an interesting proof of the care with which he selected his words; for finding some lines

of the original poem to give "a rather sensuous turn" to it, he substituted two other lines, apparently of his own writing, in order to preserve the harmony of the picture suggested to him by the opening couplet.

Although the modesty of Herr Vogl, the famous Munich tenor, prevented any public celebration of the 25th anniversary of his operatic *début* on the 12th inst., the occasion should not be allowed to pass without some record of the artist's achievements. His *début* in 1865 was in the part of Max in the "Freischütz," and since then he has appeared on the stage on 1,946 occasions. Vogl is pre-eminently the Wagnerite tenor, and he has sung the chief tenor part in "Tannhäuser" 94 times, in "Lohengrin" 85, "Götterdämmerung" 81, "Siegfried" 74, "Tristan" 61 times. These numbers, however, are said not to include his performances at Bayreuth, which, if added, would considerably increase the total. Vogl was also the first to play the rôle of Loge in the "Rheingold," a most remarkable impersonation, and of Siegmund in the "Walküre."

Rubinstein's new overture, "Antony and Cleopatra," is to be performed at Berlin on the 24th at a Philharmonic concert conducted by Herr v. Bülow. The work has already been played at Hamburg, apparently without exciting much interest.

Mme. Rosa Sucher has severed her connection with the Hamburg Opera, and settled altogether at Berlin, where the great artist is badly wanted, and will, no doubt, be very welcome.

Two novelties have lately been produced in Paris, "L'Égyptienne," an opéra-comique in three acts, with music by M. Chas. Lecocq, at the Folies-Dramatiques, and "Miss Helyett," a three-act operetta, by M. Edm. Audran, at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The first of these is of a noisy and spectacular kind, ill-suited to the talent of the composer; the second has a story which is likely to exclude it from all theatres which do not adopt the Parisian standard of decency. The music is clever, though not rising to the level of M. Audran's best works.

M. Lamoureux and his orchestra, having concluded their very successful tour in Holland and Belgium, have returned to Paris, and resumed the usual weekly concerts. The programme of the first contained M. d'Indy's remarkable symphonic trilogy entitled "Wallenstein," Lalo's piano concerto in F minor (played by M. Diémer), and Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline."

"Prince Igor," the posthumous opera of the late Russian composer, A. Borodin, has just been produced at St. Petersburg with great success. The author had completed all the vocal parts, and the instrumentation has been added by Rimski-Korsakoff and Glazunoff, the former of whom is well known as a master of the first order in that branch of musical art. The story is weak and incoherent, but there are said to be very great beauties in the music, three airs and several choruses being considered remarkably excellent.

## HIGHER EDUCATION IN MUSIC.

BY JULIUS KLAUSER.

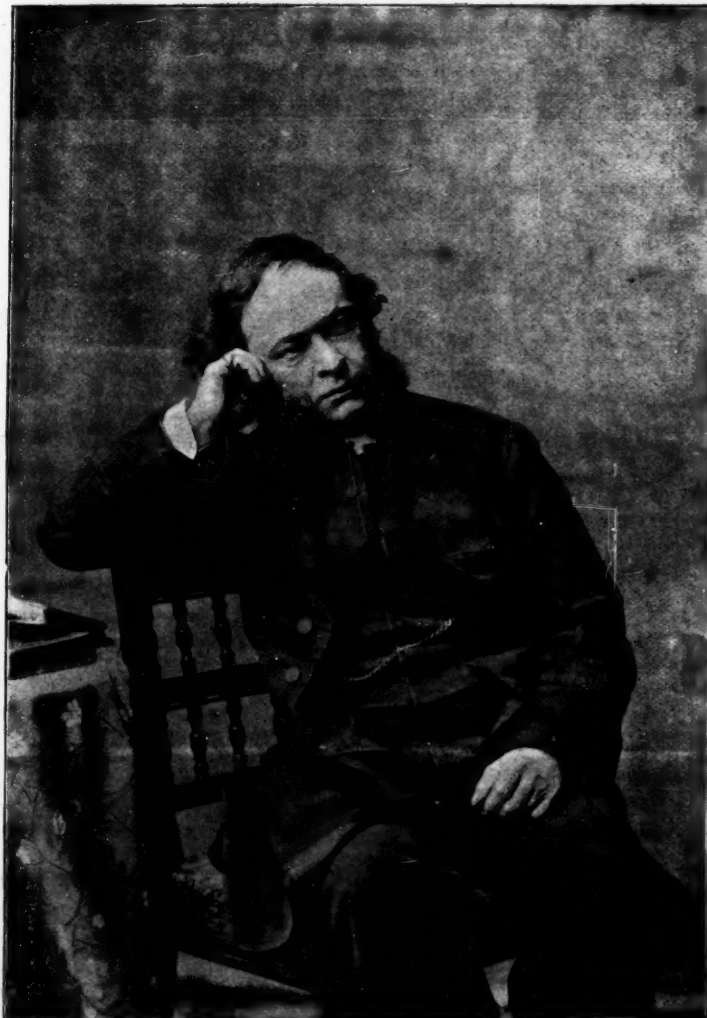
(Continued from page 793.)

To say that the cultivation of the ear is indispensable to a musical education is to repeat a common-place. To say that *exact* hearing, or discrimination, is indispensable to a musical education, materially changes the proposition. Apart from discrimination there is only instinct left, and he who desires to be an intelligent musician must be trained in exact hearing from the start. In musical society instinct is too often mistaken for intelligence, just as ignorance is so often mistaken for modesty, and loquacity so often mistaken for wisdom.

A quick eye and a quick ear mean simply a quick mind. "The mind's eye," "the mind sees," are proper and familiar expressions, and are understood by everybody. "The mind's ear," "the mind hears," are equally proper though unfamiliar expressions, and they speak plainly to our intelligence.

That a musical ear means a musical mind; that an exact ear means an exact mind; that training the ear means to train the mind to hear with





THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

From a photograph by ELLIOTT and FRY.





unerring accuracy; that studying music means to cultivate such an exact mind; that teaching music means to guide the development of the musical faculties to this end, by means of *direct* methods, whose advance steps are so selected as to minister directly to the most essential needs of the individual student; that the progress of a student should be measured by the degree of exact discrimination to which he has attained; that as music is what we hear, so a musician is a musician only in exact proportion to the degree of his power to hear; that the head is the true educator of the heart;—all these and other kindred facts ought, at the present stage of our intelligence, to have become self-evident matters of course.

Although a good ear, good taste and judgment, and therefore a good musical mind, are universally aimed at by our best teachers; why, then, as is commonly done, leave these *desiderata* to the indirect influences of indirect methods, to special endowment, to whatever the individual may absorb from a musical environment, to instinct and feeling, all of which is leaving them to chance? Instead of merely asking pupils to listen and to try to hear, as is done if done at all, *compel* them to listen and hear; teach them how to listen, by explaining what to listen for; prove by actual test that they do hear; teach them the relationships of tones, and how to think them; let them discover in their own minds the force that tones exert upon one another, and thus mentally experience how tones attract and repel one another; impress upon them that their utterances in song, or through the medium of extraneous instruments, are the direct manifestations of their discrimination, taste, and intelligence, and that they are responsible for every tone; teach them how to produce ideas instead of merely notes and develop them into tone-thinkers, and thus put them on the only path that leads to the highest and purest tone-art. As a sign of devotion to music and as a guide in musical expression we want judgment and intellect in place of intuition, spinal sensation, and sickly emotion; for intelligence alone educates, purifies, and refines the emotions and the imagination. Education alone can give health and vigour to the imagination and to enthusiasm, both of which are at present as sickly as the sensations and emotions that generate them. In music, both in theory and practice, we want ground-principles, logical definitions and methods. There are too many writings on musical subjects which ostensibly appear under the banner of science, and in which we search in vain for a single scientific principle. In society we want a higher musical intelligence, a more rational discrimination of the comparative merits of music, musicians, teaching, and performances; the requirement of more common sense in the music-lesson; a more judicious distribution of the best means for popular education at schools, at churches, in the home-circle and drawing-room, at concerts, at the opera, and at the public parks; we want better musical morals, a thorough expurgation of vanity, hypocrisy, and undue flattery, which are so common everywhere. Among musicians we want more sound judgment and less volatile opinion. A higher musical education can alone minister to a gradual realisation of such ends.

Music is a language; it should be taught and studied as such: we listen to it, hear it, think it, speak or interpret it, read it, and write it. Such minds as Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and Wagner bear the stamp of great and glorious intelligence. The creative power in music is the intellectual power, and all musical works are records of different degrees of this power. Musicians at large, be they composers, teachers, interpreters or *littérateurs*, are divisible into two classes, namely, those who understand the language and those who do not. The work and expression of the former are sincere, ardent, and spontaneous; of the latter, mechanical and labored.

I have said that our methods of instruction are indirect. This will become more obvious when we consider some of their most vulnerable faults. These methods tend to make students abstract and mechanical musicians rather than concrete musicians. Students learn so much about notes and signs and so little about tones and their language; so much about the way to sing and play, so little about *what* they are singing and playing; the eye is directly cultivated, while the ear is left to absorb what it can. The ideas of composers lie concealed in notes and signs, but he who can translate this vehicle into the language of tones and into a subjective experience pure and vivid is alone destined to discover the idea. However, this cannot be discovered accidentally or intuitively, as is generally imagined; it is entirely a matter of intelligent discrimination. The gates are open to all who journey on the right road and journey far enough, for in music as in other studies it is a question as to how far you go.

(To be continued.)

## The Dramatic World.

### "THE PHARISEE."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 19TH NOVEMBER, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

"Why should a man be allowed two lives, while a woman must stand or fall by one?" The question asked in Mr. Herman Merivale's "Forget-me-not," and repeated or suggested in a dozen later plays, is once more the subject of a drama: it is the beginning and the end of "The Pharisee"—a new piece by Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, enthusiastically received at the Shaftesbury on Monday night.

You will at once understand that "The Pharisee" is a serious play, a play not altogether dissociated from all ideas of morality: it belongs to the school of "The Profligate," of "Judah"—it is very like the "Doll's House," and by no means like the typical British drama, with its cheery ignoring of the realities and moralities of life. In addition to this, it is interesting: and when I have said that a play is at once interesting and moral I have said so much in its favour that I can frankly acknowledge its faults and yet with conscience advise you to go and see it.

Faults it has, undoubtedly; it is easy to point them out, and not so easy to make you realise how deeply interested was the first-night audience in the serious scenes which constituted the true play. But it held them—you must take my word for it; and this is an achievement which no old firstnighter will underrate. The dramatist who can "grip" his audience is safe: if he does it by means which are neither melodramatic nor farcical so much the better: if he is new to us—not one of our old Parliamentary hands, our Pinero, Grundy, Jones—he is even the more welcome.

It must be admitted that the proofs that he is not an old Parliamentary hand are conclusive. He has hardly realised the difficulties of him who would shoot with the bow of Ibsen—or he would have fully realised the impossibility of effectively combining that weapon with the popgun of Buckstone. Here is, to my mind, the grand mistake of the play. The "comic interest" is so stogy, so dull, so maladroitly introduced that it gives an unreality to the whole piece. I allow that the principal comedian might have been firmer, less hesitating, and very much quicker; but I cannot see that this story of the traditional stage old maid—supplemented by infinitesimal scraps of the history of an entirely needless boy and girl—has any connection whatever with the fate of hero or heroine. May not the "comic interest" in these days be conveniently swept into that limbo where lie already the impossible servant and the harmful unnecessary drunken-scene of bygone drama?

In the treatment of the serious scenes, too, there are now and then details which strike one as theatrical rather than lifelike—the whole incident of the letters is not deftly managed; but perhaps the only serious fault of this kind is the undue stretching of the "long arm of coincidence" in the very starting-point of the plot—which plot, that you may judge, I will now give you in half-a-dozen lines.

The wife of Geoffrey Landon was—years before they met—seduced (under the pretence of a "marriage of free love"). When they have been married eight years, Geoffrey's oldest friend comes to their house, dying, to ask for his aid in discovering a woman whom he—the friend—seduced long ago in Paris. It is a sure sign that

you are in stageland when you guess at once that Geoffrey's wife is this very woman.

A strong point in the play is that, though the husband knows nothing of his wife's past history, this is no fault of hers: her father had promised to tell Geoffrey Landon the truth, and had told the girl that her lover forgave everything and stipulated that no word of the past should ever be spoken between them. This is possible and natural; and it may, perhaps, be conceded that during eight years of happy wedded life the secret had never been brought to light.

But, when the wife finds out the truth, and resolves that, late as it is, her husband shall know all, the entire idiocy of her conduct is altogether too irritating. Instead of beginning by telling him how cruelly they had both been deceived she allows him for a long while to think that she had wilfully cheated him, had induced him to marry her under false pretences: and he—being a fool as well as a Pharisee—reproaches her bitterly for having been far more sinned against than sinning in the first instance, and looks upon her deception of himself, apparently, as quite a secondary matter.

Yet—to have done with fault-finding—his view is much more than endorsed by many critics: I mean professional critics, a class whose immorality (in theory) is only to be equalled by that of dramatists. Can you believe me, my dear sir, when I tell you that the one thing which appears to these critics entirely amazing and incredible is this: that a woman who finds that she has (through her father's fault) been a living lie to her husband through many years, should resolve—merely for conscience' sake, when there is no longer a danger of being "found out"—to tell him the truth! No doubt there are many honest and sensible women who would feel in such a case that they had done enough in owning the truth at first—that it would be Quixotic after eight years to risk the happiness of husband, home, and child because their messenger had been treacherous: but surely there has been many a girl of high honour and nobility—as this one, for all her sad story, is most clearly shown to have been—who would have done as she did, who would have known no peace but in confession? These be the critics who insist that Dorothy Musgrave must needs have jumped at Beau Austin's condescending and tardy offer to "make an honest woman" of her: the critics who call Norah Helmer immoral!

I, on the other hand, can't but think that such a woman would have spoken earlier—as soon as she found out her father's baseness, and when indeed honesty would have been altogether the wisest policy. But the scene in which she does confess, and that earlier one in which she does *not*, are so thoroughly interesting that I cannot wish either away. They are true drama, and drama of the higher class. While Miss Wallis and Mr. Waring held the stage, and during the pathetic and well-imagined entrance of Mr. Waller, and in the beautiful last moment of the play, every eye was fixed unwaveringly upon the stage, and many eyes were wet. If "all's well that ends well" be true in stageland," it is well indeed with "The Pharisee." No sweeter picture could close such a story than that of the child bearing its message of love from father to mother, and wildly clasped in the mother's arms.

Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis—whom I call Miss Wallis now and then from habit and "for short"—played no moment of her part better than this final one; her outburst of loving sobs went home to every heart. In the earlier scenes she was plainly, and naturally, most nervous: actress-manageress, manageress-authoress, on a first night, with the "Sixth Commandment" in the background, she had the further troubles of a lamp that flared dangerously in the first Act,

and that famous Shaftesbury curtain—which, as on the first night of the "Sixth Commandment" and what should have been the first night of "As You Like It," was not to be restrained from its pranks.

Mr. Herbert Waring had a part in some scenes almost a replica of his Helmer in the "Doll's House"—a play often with us during the evening. Apart from a certain inconsistency, and a tendency to quote texts which suggested that the authors must at first have meant him to be a clergyman, the character is interesting and effective: and Mr. Waring played it admirably—not only with thorough intelligence, but with moments of great force. As the dying Lord Helmore Mr. Waller had less to do; but there was, as usual, real imagination in his acting, and this makes much of little. Of those comedy-scenes I will not trust myself to speak again; but it may fairly be said that Miss Sophie Larkin, Miss Marion Lea, and Mr. Esmond did all that could be done with them.

On the whole, then, a drama with force and humanity in it; and so, clearly, thought the first-night audience—and not alone your critical

MUS IN URBE.

## THE DRAMATISTS.

### LVI.—MARIVAUX.

It may perhaps be taken as a sign of the lack of true vitality in Corneille and Racine that they founded no great school of French tragedy: the only really famous name to be found among their contemporaries and successors is that of Voltaire. Round Shakespeare is grouped a band of great men, each of them in one way or another worthy of comparison with the master: Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Chapman, Webster—each of these had scenes that Shakespeare might have envied. There is perhaps nothing, in the great poet's work, of pathos so simple and human as Fletcher's death of Queen Katharine: he has hardly a passage so vigorous and manly as certain lines of Chapman's "Bussy d'Ambois": he has perhaps no single line of such vivid tragedy as Webster's

Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

But poetry hardly returned to the French stage till the uprising of the modern romantic school; nor is there a tragic writer whom we need name between Racine and Hugo, excepting only Voltaire.

But with comedy, how different is the case! Here the only difficulty is whom to exclude, keeping our list within reasonable limits. Regnard, Marivaux, Diderot, Beaumarchais—names in the very front rank of French literature crowd upon us; comedies which still hold the stage and freshly delight audiences of to-day are the immortal Figaros, the "Joueur," the "Légataire Universel," the "Jeu de l'amour et du hasard." Even the many names of less fame than these are in no danger of being forgotten yet; there are still readers for Piron—*qui ne fut rien*—for Picard, for a score of comedians endowed with the old Gallic gift of gaiety.

Regnard, generally held to be the first of French writers of comedy after Molière, loses importance in the history of the drama merely because Molière overshadows him. They are not sufficiently unlike for the smaller of the two to stand out in our memory as stand, for example, Diderot and Marivaux. Regnard shows, perhaps, in his masterpiece, "Le Légataire Universel," more power of comic plot-making than his master; but, on the whole, those who would describe Regnard for the most part take Molière and add a few negatives. "He has not Molière's profundity, does not search so deeply into characters nor strike so hard at vice, but he diverts, he is amusing," says one; and Voltaire, wishing to pay our author the highest compliment, declares that "qui ne se plait pas avec Regnard n'est pas digne d'admirer Voltaire."

This is not faint praise; and "Le Joueur" and the "Légataire" have few rivals in early French comedy. Yet, in the main, who has criticised Molière has criticised his successor—one finds even the same proof in his work of the public interest in the theatre of his day, and of his own popularity, that Molière was able to give more than once. The "Légataire" is followed by an amusing little *pièce d'occasion* called the "Critique du Légataire Universel," in which the objections of his detractors are answered, and themselves made fun of.



The first half of Regnard's life—from 1655 till 1682—was crammed with adventure and excitement. He travelled all over Europe, gambled furiously, was made prisoner by the Turks, narrowly escaped death after his adventures in a harem; and then settled down and wrote plays in a steady-going fashion till 1709, when he died, it is said, from taking a draught prescribed by a veterinary surgeon for his horses! He was the son of a rich *bourgeois*, and himself a rich man.

The fact that Marivaux added a verb to the language does not necessarily prove his genius; the gentleman whose name has given us the useful verb "to boycott" is not otherwise celebrated. But his *marivaudages* are very charming; and many Frenchmen of the highest talent have added to the gaiety of nations by continuing to *marivauder* ever since. There is no writer of comedy more essentially French, none more light, graceful and dexterous than the author of the "*Fausse Confiance*," the "*Legs*," the "*Double Inconstance*." Pierre Corlet de Chamblain de Marivaux was born in 1688, and died in 1763. His name indicates that he was of aristocratic descent, but his family were for the most part gentlemen of the long robe, and he was himself a man of letters pure and simple. Yet no nobleman of the Court of Louis XV. could have shown a more absolute unconsciousness of the storm to come than did Marivaux in the dramatic *soufflets* which he served up to the playgoers of the eighteenth century. There is a great charm about these delicate little comedies, with their figures as graceful and as delicately coloured as china shepherdesses; it is Watteau alive, and laughing in the best of humours at lovers in the drawing-room and in the kitchen—the two classes into which Marivaux divides the world. No troubles from without come to disturb the peace of his pairs of lovers; so, with a pretty sentimentality, they make sorrows for themselves—which last through one, two, or three acts, as the case may be, and then are remedied just as easily as they were caused.

These little plays are written in prose, and for this reason were at first refused admission to the conservative Théâtre Français; but they soon made their way there, as they have made it everywhere. There is distinctly a place in the world of art for such work as this; and the writer's touch is perhaps all the lighter that he is not chained by the fetters of verse, but may *marivauder* at his own sweet will in fanciful and easy prose.

#### THE OLD CRITICISM AND THE NEW.

What (asks Mr. William Archer, in the columns of the "New York Dramatic Mirror") is the essential element of drama? Is it the telling of a story after a certain established method which has been found by long experience to answer to the mental requirements of an average audience? Or is it the mere scenic presentment of passages from real life? Should the dramatist look primarily to action, letting character take its chance? Or primarily to character, letting action look after itself?

The former theory has been dominant for fifty years, the latter theory is now supplanting it; Mr. Howells is the champion of the new school, Mr. Fuller of the old.

Let me try to put the debate in a nutshell. There can surely be no doubt—Mr. Fuller himself will have no difficulty in admitting so much—that character is a more important factor than incident, not only in drama, but in all literature. It has hitherto been maintained by dramatic theorists (in this century, at any rate) that a complex framework of artfully-arranged incident (technically known as *intrigue*) is necessary in order that character may be successfully presented on the stage; for otherwise the attention of a theatrical audience cannot be attracted and maintained. The new school, on the other hand—among whom I am proud to rank myself with Mr. Howells—argues that by dint of earnest and subtle art we may almost indefinitely diminish the mechanical element of *intrigue* without sacrificing one jot of the attractiveness and, in short, of the truly dramatic quality of drama. Your hopes, Mr. Fuller, should surely be on our side, though you may not see your way to sharing our convictions.

Not that I, or anyone so far as I know, would abolish the drama of incident. There is room on the stage for art of every sort, even for the "well-made play." I share Mr. Fuller's vivid admiration for the modern French drama, from Scribe to Meilhac. It has given me more pleasure in its time, both in and out of the theatre, than almost any other body of literature. I read my Sarcey every week with interest and often with admiration. He is the analyst and eulogist of an exceedingly ingenious and delightful art-form to which we owe many

masterpieces. But I doubt whether the last word of dramatic development has been spoken in Paris. The Parisians themselves don't think so; and why should we in England and America insist on clothing our dramatic observations and inventions in our neighbour's cast-off clothes? We must invent a new art for ourselves, taking what hints we may (as Mr. Howells suggests) from Germany, Russia, Norway, aye, and France. As yet, I admit, we have made no great progress; but if we are to have a living drama at all we must set to work in earnest. It is no good trying to force the Anglo-Saxon life of to-day into Parisian moulds of the day before yesterday.

Ah! if Mr. Fuller only realised how far he himself, with the aid of Scribe and Sardou, has got beyond Shakespeare. If "*As You Like It*" were to be produced to-morrow at the Boston Museum as a new and original play by Mr. John Smith, I would give something to read Mr. Fuller's criticism of it. The two parts of "*King Henry IV.*," too, how they would shock his sense of form! He would probably declare Falstaff and his company a set of tolerably spirited caricatures, and add emphatically, "But sketches of character, however well done, do not make a good play." Then, if "*The Merry Wives*" were produced, Mr. Fuller would probably cry, "Here, at last, we have the rudiments of a well-made piece!"

I wonder whether he would recognise that Falstaff in the trammels of a conventional intrigue is a puny creature compared with the great, free Falstaff of the histories?

One word more. Mr. Fuller seems somehow to range Sophocles, Shakespeare and Molière on the side of the Parisians against that oddly-assorted trio—Ibsen, Tolstói, and Mr. James A. Herne. "The world," he says, "has not got beyond Shakespeare yet, although he died nearly three centuries ago."

Mr. Fuller replies by saying—*inter alia* :—

"Let me clear the ground by saying that I think that Mr. Archer has inadvertently attributed to me a theory which I never intended to propound. Very possibly I have a clumsy way of expressing myself. But the issue, as I conceive it, is not that of the Complex Play versus the Simple Play; it is rather that of the Orderly versus the Chaotic. Whether the plot shall be complex or simple is a matter which the dramatist must decide in accordance with his artistic intention or his artistic temperament. To try to construct a play without any plot at all is to leave your animal without a backbone. And yet the issue is not one of Plot or No Plot, for we have Ibsen, one of the conspicuous representatives of the new art, to confront us, as Mr. Archer points out, with very well devised plots indeed. Mr. Archer wishes to eliminate Ibsen, it is true, as irrelevant; but that is perhaps because he has misunderstood my position; and therefore, in continuing the discussion, I shall beg leave to keep Ibsen well to the fore. I am willing to admit as heartily as Mr. Archer can wish that Ibsen is often very careful of his plots, and I, for one, consider it a distinct merit in him. But what then? The Complex Play may be chaotic: indeed, unless its writer is a skillful artist it is tolerably sure to be. On the other hand, the simple play may be as orderly as you please. Many of the French plays in one or two acts are simplicity itself—'*La Joie Fait Peur*' occurs to me as a case in point; and although so brilliant an example of the French school of comedy as '*Le Gendre de M. Poirier*' is in four acts, the story of it could be given, as '*Hamlet*' gave the story of his father's murder, in some dozen or twenty lines. I shall return to Augier presently as the supreme master of modern times in this school. I do not know if Mr. Archer estimates him as highly as I do; but I observe that, although I referred to him in my former article as best representing the dramatic principle for which the critics of the old school contend, Mr. Archer ignores him for Scribe and Meilhac. Now both these writers are admirable in their way, but their work does not seem to me to be the crown and flower of French dramatic art. Not a few of their plays show how *technique* can be carried to excess; and excess is never artistic. I have never argued in favor of the monstrous proposition that *technique* is an end and not a means.

"I should like to ask Mr. Archer what he means by the 'average audience' and 'real life'? Does he think that *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* appeals to a lower order of intellect than *A Doll's House* does? Is the character of Poirier any less real than that of Nora? Is the scene in which Poirier confesses his aristocratic aspirations to Gaston any less intimate a study of human nature than that in which Helmer reveals to his wife the essentially brutal selfishness of his disposition? Of one thing there can be no doubt; Augier was too fine an artist to have committed the error which Ibsen

commits in ending his play in a long moral discourse from Nora's lips. If Ibsen is so far a devotee of the old art as to be careful of his plots, he is at least a devotee of the new in his disregard of dramatic unity. His plays, with one or two exceptions go to pieces, so to speak, quite like Mr. Howells' novels. This, I suppose, is what the new criticism would call 'real life.' But is it real? Is it not the province of art to idealise? If that is a bad painting which copies nature exactly, why is not that a bad play which takes the bare facts of life without endeavouring to bring them into any sort of coherency? I do not put these questions, be it understood, as applying absolutely to the work of Ibsen; I have written of him elsewhere, that he is too much of an artist to carry out his didactic theology consistently. But the tendency to fall into this false realism exists clearly enough in Ibsen; and in the particular favourites of Mr. Howells it is a distinctive note.

"Should the dramatist look primarily to action, letting character take its chance?" asks Mr. Archer, 'or primarily to character, letting action look after itself?' Mr. Archer assumes that there is a dilemma where no dilemma exists. It is impossible to answer either question with a direct negative or a direct affirmative. The problem which the dramatist has to consider is not so simple a one. Character and circumstance act and react on each other; the division of the responsibility for the result upon mankind is one of the most difficult processes in all art. It is easy enough to agree with Mr. Archer that 'character is a more important factor than incident'; but surely that is no reason for thinking that incident has so little importance that it can be indefinitely reduced without injury to the play. Water is two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen; but hydrogen alone is not water. The two parts of King Henry IV., which Mr. Archer thinks would shock my sense of form if they were produced as new plays, contain an abundance of very lively intrigue, although the carrying along of two entirely distinct threads of interest is an expedient certainly not to be recommended, and one which in the hands of a lesser genius than Shakespeare might have been badly bungled. But I still stand by my statement that sketches of character do not make a good play. Although possibly I might change my mind if I had seen 'Paris Fin de Siècle,' nothing in the pieces which Mr. Howells has singled out for admiration has yet led me to do so. But as I have already said that a critic should be tolerant and moderate, I am willing to place myself on record as open to conviction. The 'mechanical element of intrigue,' as Mr. Archer calls it, is surely no good thing in itself; and I will welcome as cordially as he its elimination, so far as possible, from the thoughtful drama. But I fancy that he and I might differ in defining this mechanical element. Of course in the melodrama, and to a degree in the farce—the most characteristic manifestations of the average drama to-day in England and America—the entire construction is largely a problem of mechanism; but this sort of stage-craft is hardly worth admitting into the discussion. The mechanical element to which Mr. Archer refers is doubtless the French method from Scribe to Meilhac—a method which has been carried to excess no doubt, but which, used in moderation, is still, as I contend, the essential basis of our best modern comedy. I say nothing of tragedy, because tragedy is going out of fashion and only survives in 'revivals' of our older dramatists. In the hands of living writers it runs to melodrama or to pathos.

"Mr. Archer implies that I think that 'the last word of dramatic development has been spoken in Paris.' I had hoped that he would give me credit for more breadth of view. The last word in any art is never spoken. Let us have all the illumination, from whatever source, that we can get; but let us not make the mistake of supposing that the new lights will outshine the old. The world—I say it once more with emphasis—has not got beyond Shakespeare yet: it has developed in new directions: it is not the same world that it was three centuries ago at Stratford-on-Avon; and yet it comes back again and again to renew those memories which it never can outgrow."

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

The dramatic critics have been condemned to hard labour this week, for three unfeeling managers have produced more or less new plays on three consecutive evenings—reckoning Sunday as a *dies non* (or a *non non*, if you must be so particular). Saturday was the first night of "May and December" at the Comedy; Monday of "The Pharisee" at the Shaftesbury; and Tuesday the archaeological drama of "Antony and Cleopatra,"

by Mr. W. Shakespeare and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, at the Princess's. Of this last production we purpose to speak at length next week; suffice it now to say that Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance as Cleopatra with, at all events, a *succès de spectacle*.

Your critic must speak by the card nowadays; wherefore it behoved us to say the "first night" of "May and December"—and not the first *performance*, for it was the third. Its present form is very greatly—one might say entirely—different from that in which we saw it on a certain dull afternoon at the Globe some years ago. Mr. Grundy has completely rewritten the work that he and Mr. Joseph Mackay founded on the witty but certainly daring "Petite Marquise," and he has no doubt much improved it—the more is the pity, one is inclined to say. For it is a pity to throw away work like Mr. Grundy's on a farce which is neither pleasant nor funny; and a farce, moreover, whose subject is really that of an almost tragic comedy.

Mr. Grundy has made a mistake, a rare one with him, which was a very common one with Mr. Pinero in his earlier days. He has mixed together different kinds of work—has taken a slice of serious life and sandwiched it in between layers of stacy farce. An old man and his young wife are not happy together: that she may be entitled to a separation, he—out of pure kindness—turns her out of doors: whereupon she goes to her lover (for there was a lover), and says "I shall get a divorce and we can marry." To which he replies, "I think not;" and heartbroken she returns to her husband and they live happily ever after.

In the French play this was simply cynical, clever, in decent fun; so Mr. Grundy could not merely translate the play. The wholly commendable course of leaving it alone was open to him; but he does not seem to have thought of that. So he took the painful story, and added to it some impossible farce and some capital, telling dialogue: secured a sufficiently unsuitable company: and that was the end of it. Miss Rose Norreys, so capable of taking the fanciful-comedy view of the thing that might almost have saved it, chose to be tragic—and while she forced this note a Mr. J. F. Graham hammered his loudest at a discordant note of farce, with terrible results. Mr. Hawtreys was excellent when he had to be a cynical, easy-going man of the world; but he was not born to burlesque passion—and Mr. Grundy's rhetorical, almost metrical burlesque-writing seemed curiously old-fashioned and misplaced. Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Brookfield did their best; but there was, perhaps, more real fun in the quiet and natural servants of Miss Lydia Cowell and Mr. Wykes—old friends of the playgoer though this domestic chorus were.

Sudden ends to "Sweet Nancy," "The Sixth Commandment," and the French Plays last week. The close of M. Mayer's season is a distinct loss to our theatre-goers, and they ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. An empty house to witness "L'Ami des Femmes" is a disgrace to London.

"De Meesterknecht der Porseleinfabriek" is the neat and portable title under which "The Middleman" is acted in Belgium. The enthusiasm with which Mr. Jones's drama has been received at Ghent and Bruges entirely does away with the received notion that a Flemish audience is so named because of its phlegm. "The Middleman" is also being adapted for Finland, and will soon be acted at Helsingfors. We should like to be in at the Finnish.

A recent Parisian success, "La Sécurité des Familles," is soon to take the place of "Our Flat" at the Strand. "Private Enquiry"—as the new farce will be called in English—has been adapted (and carefully deodorized) by Mr. Burnand. Mrs. Musgrave's now famous little play has been brilliantly successful throughout the provinces.

"Still Waters Run Deep" has hardly run so long as one might have expected, and an interesting revival of "London Assurance" takes its place. Mr. Wyndham plays Dazzle—an overrated part—and everyone will want to see Mrs. Beere as Lady Gay Spanker: is she going once more to give us a taste of her comedy to remind our American cousins—whom she visits next year—that she has humour as well as pathos and power? Mr. William Farren, in the part created by his father, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Giddens, Mr. Blakeley, and the charming Miss Mary Moore make up what should be an excellent cast.



As soon as the performance of "The Pharisee" was over on Monday evening the American rights of the piece were bought by Mr. A. M. Palmer's representative.

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A change in the cast of Mr. Alec Nelson's "Madcap"—and, it must fairly be said, a change for the better—was made on the first night of "May and December." The tutor-hero was then (and is now) played by Mr. Leonard Outram.

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Too late for notice this week—on Friday evening, in fact—a little *lever du rideau* was, or was to be, added to the programme at the Shaftesbury. Its author is Mr. Arthur Macklin, its name "My Lady Help."

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Mr. Henry Ashley, who died last Sunday of typhoid fever, was for many years one of the stock company at the Adelphi; he then deserted melodrama for farcical comedy, and became famous as the original Joskin Tubbs of the "Pink Dominoes"; and of late years was seen almost exclusively in *opera bouffe*.

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On Thursday, December the 11th, the bold and adventurous Irvine Amateur Dramatic Club proposes to act Shakespeare's "Tempest" at St. George's Hall. The irreverent might call this a storm in a teacup; but we respect courage, even in the Shakespearian amateur.

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With this week Mr. Edward Terry deserts domestic drama for wild farce, and "Sweet Lavender" is replaced by its author's capital "In Chancery." Mr. Pinero's regretted illness has delayed the completion of the comedy he is now writing for Mr. Terry.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

When Mr. Lago gave his patrons the "Orfeo" of Gluck, with a great artist to interpret the leading rôle, it was generally admitted that the opera might be imputed to him for righteousness. His sins have been many, but it was possible to feel at least the beginnings of Christian charity towards him. Now he has endeavoured to atone further for his faults by producing "Tannhäuser." The courage needed for such a step was perhaps less than in the case of the earlier work; but still Mr. Harris had not given it to us, and so Mr. Lago is certainly to be praised. Wagner's work is, happily, so familiar to the amateur that we shall not be expected to speak of it with the fulness which was appropriate to Gluck's great opera. The performance only has any concern for us.

Madame Albani's Elisabeth has long been considered, justly enough, an impersonation of considerable merit, and one of the corner-stones of her reputation. None of the remembered features were lacking on Tuesday night. She sang her great song of intercession in the second act with splendid fervour, and acted throughout with happily restrained art. The Tannhäuser was Signor Perotti, who flung himself into his part with undisguised enthusiasm, and delivered himself over body and soul to the impulse of the moment. The results were commensurate. M. Maurel, whose *vibrato* is fortunately much less obvious than it used to be, was an admirable Wolfram, and made the accustomed success in the "Phantasy" and the Star-Song. The only other character of importance which was played with any conspicuous ability was that of Venus, in which Miss Sophia Ravogli, undeterred by certain awkward *contretemps* in the scenic arrangements, won a deserved success. Concerning the general merits of the performance it is perhaps better to be silent; indeed there were very few merits to speak of, as far as the chorus was concerned. Mr. Lago's season is nearly dead, and may therefore claim the indulgence extended to the dead by the old proverb, *De mortuis*—It leaves little to be said at all.

We should note that last week M. Maurel appeared in "Rigoletto." His reading of the part was at least original and striking. His tendency to exaggeration in the earlier part of the opera may reasonably be taken as intended to heighten the contrasted pathos of the latter scenes, in which he was admirably dignified and touching. Last week also Miss Ella Russell essayed, with no inconsiderable success, the part of Elsa in "Lohengrin," and Miss Giulia Ravogli repeated her splendid performance of Ortrude.

#### MUSICAL VIENNA.

##### II.

BY F. X. ARENS.

[From "The Musical Courier," N.Y.]

From instrumental to vocal dance music, from the waltz to the operetta, is but one step. And the same soil which produces the enticing, bewitching waltz, also gives birth and life to the piquant, frolicsome, mirthful operetta of our day. Millöcker, Strauss, Genée, and a host of others, they all thrive in the jolly city on the Danube. It is here, in the old time-honoured Theater an der Wien, that all the operatic successes of this genre have had their birth.\* The production of a new operetta is an event of paramount importance; the *première*, the cast, the details of plot and scenery are announced weeks in advance; the illustrated journals bring the pictures of the characters in full costume; the first-nighters are so numerous that not even standing room can be had on the evening of the initiative performance. If the work be successful the enthusiasm knows no bounds; the *habitués* attend night after night; in order to gain a good seat one must reserve for days in advance; number after number is encored; the lucky authors are the heroes of the day; congratulatory telegrams, letters, editorials pour in by the hundreds and thousands; in fact, last winter, after the success of "Poor Jonathan" had been demonstrated night after night, a committee waited on Millöcker with a congratulatory address, signed by every Viennese musician of note, with almost no exception.

My readers will now understand how Strauss can give concert after concert with nothing but dance and operetta music; you will believe me when I say that not nine-tenths but ninety-nine hundredths of the Viennese concerts are devoted exclusively to Lanner, Strauss, Ziehrer, Millöcker and Co., while in Munich, for instance, the military bands each noonday play a fine programme of classical and modern music at the change of the imperial guard, while in its numerous beer gardens one can hear Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," or "Siegfried's Funeral March," the refrain of the Viennese popular music productions is waltz, polka, mazurka, and again waltz, &c., ad nauseam. While at the Dresden Popular Concerts you can each Thursday hear a Beethoven or Mozart symphony for a mark (25 cents). Vienna, with a population of 1,000,000 inhabitants, knows nothing of popular symphony concerts, where the masses could be musically educated and refined. The few attempts ever made in this direction have invariably failed, partly for lack of interest on part of the public, and worse, because of a strong feeling of jealousy, or rather enmity, on part of the Philharmonics. In view of this, I dare say that in no large city on the Continent are the masterpieces of musical literature so little known to the public at large as in Vienna. "Und das haben mit ihrem Singen, die Lanner und Strauss gethan." Nor has this deplorable state of affairs passed unnoticed, but recently a strenuous effort has been made by the well-known music house of Gutmann to induce the venerable Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde to organise a permanent orchestra for the purpose of giving first-class popular concerts, so that the student and the man of moderate means can hear a symphony for 25 and 50 kreutzer (12 and 25 cents).

If any one body could solve this grave problem the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde certainly is that body. It is the oldest as well as the foremost music society of the metropolis, its contributors embrace all the old aristocratic families of Austria, while its protectors "are found among the imperial family itself." It controls the Conservatory of Music, which yields enough executive musicians for a complete orchestra almost every year; besides, it enjoys great influence with all the musical societies of note, thus, the celebrated Wiener Männergesang-Verein belongs to it *in corpore*. Up to date, however, the propaganda initiated by the Gutmanns has been without any tangible success.

Another society, the Volksbildungsverein (Society for Public Education), with commendable zeal and a rare appreciation of the situation has of late years placed in its program of Sunday afternoon lectures a series of free concerts on a small scale. These concerts, the programs of which usually are made up of popular gems of classical chamber, piano, and vocal music,

\* I shall never forget the emotions which took hold of me upon my first visit to this theatre. There, on that very stage, Mozart's "Magic Flute" had its initial performance; there, in the small orchestra pit, Mozart had directed his work in person "out of special respect for a high public" (as the theatre bill literally puts it); here, on this very balcony, his beloved wife sat wrapped in ecstasy over the triumphs which Schikaneder, the bankrupt impresario and "author of the opera," was enjoying on that memorable evening. And here I am, 100 years later, listening to seductive strains of the "Jonathan Walz!" Mozart and Millöcker! I almost dislike the latter for it, pretty though his music be.

are invariably so crowded that hundreds are compelled to stand in the aisles, the hall-ways, and even on the sidewalks, all eager to catch a strain.

That Vienna is sadly lacking in genuine musical culture was particularly noticeable at the recent Grand International Sängerfest. The 15,000 people, filling the vast hall to its utmost capacity, most fanatically applauded every number, nay, each verse of the program, good, bad or indifferent; no trace of the discriminative criticism so noticeable at similar gatherings elsewhere, particularly in America.

Nor is this lack of musical culture confined to the masses—by no means. At the Grand Opera House, for instance, one can rarely enjoy an overture; people not only are allowed to enter during its performance, which of itself is a musical vandalism, but they will stand about, chat with their neighbours, quarrel with the ushers, or, with glass in hand will scrutinize the toilets of the ladies in the boxes of uppertendom. And during a Wagner performance, how often are one's illusions spoiled most ruthlessly by the inopportune applause of the claque, slavishly followed by the cultured audience, simply because of some high or long note, in the midst of some intensely dramatic scene. Or attend a Philharmonic concert: here no one is allowed to enter during the performance of a number; the musical *habitués* of these concerts turn the handle and often leave *en masse* during the performance of a symphony; many a time I have seen Richter turn to the audience in evident rage, impatiently awaiting the finale of the exodus. Can such people have the faintest idea that many an overture to an opera—the *Leonora* No. III., for instance—contains the whole dramatic conflict of the opus in a nutshell so to say? or that the second, third, and fourth movements of a symphony are psychological developments of the conflict laid down in the first movement, and that they are just as important for the full appreciation of the art work as the second, third, and fourth acts of a drama?

A leading conductor of Vienna, whose name I dare not mention, struck the nail on the head when he said to me in course of conversation regarding these deplorable facts: "People here attend the Philharmonic concerts for the same reasons that they attend a ball, viz., to see and be seen; hence the lavishly rich toilets, hence the inopportune departures," &c.

The only genuine taste seemed to be found in the gallery of the opera house and in the Hehlplatz (standing room) at the Philharmonics, &c., any attempt to interrupt the action by nonsensical applause is peremptorily drowned by hisses of unmistakable meaning; the late comers, as well as the early leavers, are effectively hushed to silence. On the other hand, it is the gallery and the Hehlplatz which prepare most enthusiastic ovations after each and every artistic production for conductor, singers, and players, often after the rest of the house has long been vacated.

In view of this unmistakable musical vein of the common folks of limited means, Vienna may yet in due time become what she certainly is not at this writing, to wit:

A musical city in the higher sense of the word.

### SONGS OF THE WEST.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould, to whose energy and enthusiastic research amongst the old ballad singers of Cornwall and North Devon we owe one of the finest collections of English ballads, gave an entertainment at Terry's Theatre on the 13th inst., consisting of a series of *tableaux vivants*, in which some of the most remarkable of the songs were introduced. The tableaux were as follows:—I. "The old love and the new." II. "A welcome guest." III. "An affair of honour." IV. "A peasant's home." V. "By the dancing wave." VI. "Work is over, revel begun." The most interesting songs were "Strawberry Fair," still a great favourite in the west of England; "Widdecombe Fair," also still very popular; "Ye maidens pretty," the tune of which undoubtedly belongs to the reign of Elizabeth; "The dilly song," one of the most curious ballads extant, the origin of which would seem to have been in a time prior to the introduction of Christianity into England; "Cold blows the wind," one of a distinct class of ballads into which a supernatural element was introduced; "The blue flame," the exquisite melody of which was of great minstrel antiquity; "A cottage well thatched with straw," a form of song still popular in many parts; and "The Mallard," a most interesting example of minstrel skill. The performance was creditably carried out in costume by Miss Sheppard, Mrs. Herring Mason, Miss Goodfellow, Miss Maud Cunningham, and Messrs. Trotter, E. Montague, L. Moreton, and W.

Clifton. Miss Bussell presided at the pianoforte and Mr. F. W. Bussell at the harmonium. Apart from their antiquarian interest so great is the merit of these songs that it is to be hoped some of our leading vocalists will introduce them to London concert-rooms. They are well worthy of such honour, and would, from their quaint humour and pathetic grace, be sure to be cordially received and become popular, and—there need be no fears concerning "performing rights!"

### CONCERTS.

It was only in accordance with what we unhappily know to be the taste of the London amateur that there should be a small attendance at the first of Sir Charles Hallé's Orchestral Concerts, given at St. James's Hall on Friday of last week. The scantiness of the attendance can hardly be attributed, at any rate, to the composition of the programme, which, save in one instance, could not easily have been bettered. The "*Leonora*" Overture, No. 3, two of Dvôrák's beautiful *Légendes*, Nos. 9 and 10, and Schubert's Symphony in C, are as noble music, as one could wish to hear; and it is not likely that the introduction by Lady Hallé of Viotti's feeble and uninteresting violin concerto in A minor kept any away. However, there is nothing more to be said on this. It is pleasant to speak of the admirable qualities displayed by Sir Charles Hallé's band, although even here there is little to say which has not often been said before. As a whole the body of players is as fine as ever; the tone is brilliant, sonorous, and solid; the attack, precision, and unanimity excellent. Sir Charles's attributes as a conductor are equally familiar; and if at one or two moments he seemed needlessly rigid, the readings given on Friday of the overture and the symphony were on the whole deserving of high praise.

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The attendance at the Crystal Palace Concert on the 15th inst. was rather meagre. Fashion, powerful in music as elsewhere, having set against them, permits but an occasional hearing—and this to a limited number only—of the works of Louis Spohr, the neglect thus imposed being not infrequently quite incommensurate with what is just. The Cassel Master's fourth symphony, "The Power of Sound" (as it is called in England) which Mr. Manns brought forward as his *pièce de résistance*, is a case in point. If not, from a strictly musical point of view, the strongest of Spohr's works of this class, its melodic beauty, wealth of colour, expressiveness, and lucidity entitle it to become, and seem fitted to render it, in the better sense of the word, "popular," were amateurs but given more frequent opportunities of making its acquaintance. That the magnificent band brought out in the most conspicuous manner the qualities we have named need hardly be said. The novelty of the afternoon was a concerto for violoncello and orchestra, in A minor, by M. J. Hollman. Belonging to the domain of *virtuoso* music, the new work is in the main of a refined and unpretentious character. Of the three movements of which it consists the second, an Andante in B flat, is by far the most effective and interesting. It was played by the composer with considerable grace and tenderness, and the eminent 'cellist's elegance and brilliancy were further exemplified in the air from Bach's Suite in D and other less acceptable solo pieces. The vocal music was supplied by Miss Macintyre, who sang "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin," Dessauer's Bolero, "Le Retour des Promis," and as an encore "Es war ein Traum," by Lassen, with much charm. A sparkling performance of the overture to "Masaniello" opened the concert, while that of the prelude to "Oberon" at its close served to confirm the opinion that Mr. Manns is *par excellence* the Weberian conductor.

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At the Popular Concert last Saturday the principal item was Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in D minor, played by Mr. Leonard Borwick, Madame Neruda, and Signor Piatti—the same artists who performed it at a recent Monday concert, and who now repeated it "by desire." It is surely nothing but a less degree of familiarity which has hitherto prevented this work from being as popular with amateurs as the ever-welcome quartet and quintet. The performance was admirable in almost every detail, and perhaps a certain lack of sustained energy in the first movement was the only weakness noticeable. Energy is a quality often called for by both

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Schumann and Brahms, especially in their concerted music, and it is a quality most rarely found. Not the fire that flashes and sparkles, but the quiet, clear glow of heat that never flickers or falters; this is what we miss, and the absence of it makes so few performances of these two writers' works quite what we feel they might be. Still, on the whole, this particular performance left little to be desired. Mr. Borwick was scarcely so successful in his solos, four short pieces by Brahms: the last, the Rhapsodie in G minor, was the best rendered, for therein he had caught somewhat of the style of his eminent instructress, with whom the Rhapsodie is a favourite. His encore piece—of course there was one—was, somewhat oddly, a repetition of the last but one of his selection, the tolerably familiar Capriccio in B minor. Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" was played by Signor Piatti, and accompanied with discretion by Mr. Borwick, and the concert began with a fine performance of Schubert's Quartet in A minor. Mr. Hirwen Jones sang two familiar songs to the accompaniments of Mr. Wilfred Bendall. On Monday Mendelssohn's posthumous quintet in B flat and Beethoven's Trio in D major, Op. 70, were in the programme. The pianist was Mr. Leonard Borwick, who played Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2. The vocalist was Mr. Ben Davies.

Over praise can scarcely be awarded the courageous exertions which are being made to render the Hampstead Conservatoire a centre of musical light and leading. The scheme of the first concert of the present season, which took place on Monday last, evinced that disposition to put forward what is at once good and unhackneyed, with a special leaning to that which is of native growth, which it has been a pleasure and a duty on previous occasions heartily to commend. Mackenzie's impressive "poem with music, The Dream of Jubal," and Cowen's charming "Scandinavian" symphony, which were the chief features of the programme, have an indisputable right to be placed in this category. The rendering of each of these works, under the baton of its respective composer, was very creditable, and left a highly favourable impression upon the audience. The recited parts in the "Dream of Jubal" were delivered by Mr. Charles Fry with excellent enunciation; the vocal solos being entrusted to Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Iver McKay, received all the justice that adequate natural means and artistic conscientiousness could give. The remainder of a somewhat long evening was occupied by performances of Beethoven's early overture "Prometheus," and the finale to Mendelssohn's unfinished opera "Lorelei," which were spiritedly directed by Mr. Geaussen. At the next concert, to be given on the 8th proximo, Dr. Bridge will conduct "The Repentance of Nineveh,"—we believe, for the first time in London.

The second of the present season of Messrs. Hann's Chamber Concerts took place on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., at Brixton Hall. The crowded state of the hall bore testimony alike to the merits of the performers and to the excellence of the system of "pegging away" in matters musical as well as military, for Messrs. Hann, by dint of perseverance, have created their public. The items of the programme were but four in number for the instrumentalists, the opening piece being one of Haydn's most familiar and delightful quartetts (in G, Op. 77), the Adagio and Scherzo of which in particular, were singled out for warm approval. The other quartetts were Mendelssohn's Fragments forming Op. 81, a work just now somewhat too often played, but which was so much to the taste of the audience that they insisted on encores the Scherzo. Schumann's Quartett in E flat was the concluding piece, and barring a little imperfect intonation now and then in the violin part, it was very well rendered. Mr. Sidney Hann, evidently a great favourite with the *habitués*, played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor with taste and brilliancy, making no attempt to add any extravagant importance to it, but giving it all due effect. The vocalist was Mme. Clara Samuelli, whose pure voice and tasteful execution were exhibited in Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" and two songs by Sterndale Bennett, "Dawn, gentle flower," and "May-Dew," the latter of which the audience evidently wished to hear again, but the lady, though accepting the encore, chose to sing something else, a Lullaby, which was much less satisfactory.

The first smoking concert of the Junior Conservative Club was held on the 13th inst., with great success. The two large rooms on the first floor were thrown open and made an excellent concert-room, which was quite filled. Colonel Ibbetson, one of the original members of the club, occupied the chair. Before the commencement of the concert the secretary, Commissary-General Hamley, C.B., said that he felt it was his duty on behalf of the

committee to inform the members of the progress of the club. At the expiration of the first year of its existence up to the present time no less than 3,011 members had joined the club, and the original members, he felt sure, would be much gratified to know that so many had followed their good example during the year. The concert then commenced, and lasted until midnight, when "God save the Queen," in which the audience heartily joined, brought the entertainment to a close. Amongst those who took part in the concert were Colonel Ibbetson, Captain Watson, Messrs. Odell, Arthur Thomas, Fitzgerald, Victor Buziau, Fredericks, and Leh-meyer (accompanist). Owing to the great success of this, the first concert of the season, it is intended to hold the next on Wednesday, the 17th December, at the Club House, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society opened their new season on Monday evening in the Highbury Athenaeum, when a most successful performance of "Elijah" was given, the leading artistes being Miss Fillunger, Miss Hohné, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. M. Humphreys, and Mr. Watkin Mills, all of whom acquitted themselves well. The gems of the evening were "Hear ye Israel" (Miss Fillunger), "O Rest in the Lord" (Miss Wilson), and "Is not His word" and "It is enough" by Mr. Mills. The chorus never sang better, time and balance of voice, as well as the attack, being all that could be desired, and altogether the society has made a most satisfactory recommencement. Mr. G. H. Betjemann conducted with his usual ability, and the crowded and enthusiastic audience manifested their delight by repeated bursts of applause.

Yet another musical club! On Sunday night, at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, the Orpheus Club gave its first concert, under the direction of Mr. F. A. Cowen, who conducted a small but very efficient orchestra, led by Mr. Endover. It is too early as yet to do more than wish success to the new club, and to record at the same time that the company then assembled was large and fashionable, and that the programme was admirably carried out. A Haydn Symphony, Weber's overture to "Oberon," and that of Gounod to "La Colombe," were among the orchestral pieces—each capably played; while the vocalists were Miss Marian Mackenzie and Mr. Plunket Greene, each of whom sang with accustomed and well-deserved success.

The Tottenham Musical Union, under the conductorship of Mr. Wilfrid Davies, gave a satisfactory rendering of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with a miscellaneous selection, on the 13th inst. Miss Ada Loaring, Miss Laura Davies, and Mr. Miles Mole were the solo vocalists.

## PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

MANCHESTER.—Senor Sarasate was "the lion" at Sir Charles Hallé's third concert on the 13th inst. Mackenzie's "Pibroch" in three movements (rhapsody, caprice, and dance) was charmingly played and well received, but Ernst's fantasia on airs from "Otello" evoked the utmost enthusiasm. This was undoubtedly due to the facility and ease with which the enormous technical difficulties were overcome, and certainly not to the intrinsic merits of the composition, for a more flimsy common-place work has probably never been heard at these concerts. The chief orchestral items were Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture and Schubert's colossal C major Symphony. It is difficult to imagine greater perfection than that exhibited by the band in their performance of the latter work, and—notwithstanding the enormous length of this symphony—the audience showed their appreciation in a manner hitherto unparalleled. Madame Tavary, as vocalist, made a successful first appearance. She possesses a soprano voice of good quality, and sings with considerable dramatic feeling. Her selection was Weber's "Ocean" scena ("Oberon"), Mozart's "Non mi dir" ("Don Giovanni"), and songs by Jensen and Gramann. The concert concluded with Dvůřák's 9th Légende.

PORTSMOUTH.—Madame Patti's first appearance at Portsmouth on Monday evening drew to the grand concert room of the New Town Hall an audience numbering about 2,500. The fascinating Diva looked her best, sang her best, and fairly electrified those who for the first time listened to the

silvery voice and refined singing of the unrivalled cantatrice. The other vocalists were Mlle. Douilly, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Barrington Foote. Though "playing second fiddle" they however had full measure of enthusiastic plaudits and encores. The instrumentalists were the Sisters Eissler, whose excellent performances on the violin and harp were highly appreciated, and the ever popular Herr Wilhelm Ganz, who accompanied throughout, and played with great skill one of his own compositions.

BRISTOL.—The sisters Fraser paid their first visit to Bristol on Saturday and gave two performances in the Victoria Rooms. Their playing afforded much pleasure to the audiences, who rewarded the talented executants with frequent and hearty applause. The singing, however, was by no means on a par with the excellence of the playing. Monday's Popular Concert was an admirable one, as usual. Schumann's first symphony in B flat, which has not been inserted in a programme of the "Pops" for ten years, was the chief work brought forward, and the performance of the clever and beautiful composition was a fine one, and was greatly enjoyed. Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture and the introduction to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin" were next in importance, and the favour with which they were received, plainly demonstrated the fact that the works of the Bayreuth Master are gaining increasing popularity among amateurs. Miss Margaret Hoare came again to this city after an absence of several years, and gained much favour by her artistic singing. Mr. Wm. Foxon, of Sheffield, the other vocalist, also made a good impression on this his first visit.

BRIGHTON, NOV. 19.—On Wednesday last Mr. Quirke, our esteemed local violinist, gave his seventh annual chamber concert in the Royal Pavilion. There was a very large attendance, and the works performed were highly appreciated. Mrs. Quirke—a pianiste of great ability—together with Mr. Whitehouse, gave an excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 45). Mr. Quirke was recalled for his soli, Thomé's "Andante Religioso," and Papini's "Un soir à Portici." The violinist and Mrs. Quirke were very successful in Schubert's "Introduction and Variations" (Op. 160), and the two performers with Mr. Whitehouse gave a pleasing performance of Beethoven's Trio (No. 1, Op. 1). Mr. Whitehouse evoked hearty applause for his solo, "Czardas," by Fischer, and was recalled. Mr. Lionel Levy charmed the audience with his exquisite vocalisation. Master Conal Quirke—who shows talent in his pianoforte playing—gave Moskowski's "Serenata." We must heartily congratulate Mr. Quirke upon the marked success he attained. On the same afternoon Mr. Richard Rickard gave his second recital. The talented pianist appeared in excellent form and rendered a somewhat lengthy programme in excellent style. Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein and Liszt were represented, and an interesting "Ballade" from the pianist-composer's own pen.

BATH, NOV. 17.—The first concert of the second series of Saturday Subscription Concerts took place last Saturday afternoon at the Assembly Rooms, when a very interesting programme was presented. The vocalist was Miss Louise Phillips, who sang with her accustomed grace and charm songs by Stanford, Goring Thomas, Mary Carmichael, and Somervell. The pianist (Miss Charlotte Davies) played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, and joined Mr. Ten Brink in Rubinstein's sonata for pianoforte and violin in A minor. The latter gentleman also gave Holländer's "Legend."

## REVIEWS.

[FROM CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.]

Twenty-four Melodic Studies for Pianoforte, by T. A. de Orellana.—The term "melodic" is fully justified by the tunefulness of each of the numbers. They are published in four *cahiers*, and, with but few exceptions of greater length, each study occupies two pages. All are pleasingly distinctive in character and well harmonised, and they should attract tolerably advanced players. The same composer has written a "Tarentella" for the pianoforte, and a "Polonaise" for violin and piano. The latter is very bright and showy, and rather in the style of Weber; the former, besides being easy and effective, is not a little original in treatment.

[FROM HUTCHINGS and ROMER.]

"L'Espagnola," written by G. Hubi Newcombe, "Life's Thorny Cross," words by Jehn Muir, and "Grannie's Reason," written by Edward Oxenford, are three songs, music by Clement Lochnane. The first mentioned, in Bolero measure, is light, easy to sing, and very pleasing; the second has a more sober character, and will be appreciated by those who like songs which resemble hymns in subject and style; while "Grannie's Reason" is a homely and pleasant ditty suitable to ordinary singers.

[FROM HOPKINSON.]

"The Golden Gate," song, by Oliver King.—Adelaide Proctor's beautiful lines are here suitably and expressively set. The well-harmonised accompaniment and the organ obbligato greatly enhance the general effect.

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May 11.	Carl Rosa.
May 18.	P. H. Cowen.
May 25.	Senor Sarasate.
June 1.	Frederic Cliffe.
June 8.	Prof. Herkomer's "An Idyl."
June 15.	Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June 22.	Signorina Teresina Tua.
June 29.	Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July 6.	Madame Backer Gröndhal.
July 13.	Sir John Stainer.
July 20.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
July 27.	M. Jean de Beezke.
Aug. 3.	Charles Dibdin.
Aug. 10.	Joseph Holman.
Aug. 17.	Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug. 24.	Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug. 31.	Herr Van Dyck.
Sept. 7.	M. Johannes Wolff.
Sept. 14.	Madame Patey.
Sept. 21.	Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept. 28.	The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct. 5.	Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
Oct. 12.	Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Oct. 19.	Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct. 26.	Madame Patti-Nicolini.
Nov. 2.	Johannes Brahms.
Nov. 9.	Professor Villiers Stanford.
Nov. 16.	Arrigo Boito.
Nov. 23.	Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov. 30.	Miss Marianne Eiseler.
Dec. 7.	Madame Trebelli.
Dec. 14.	Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec. 21.	Robert Browning.
Dec. 28.	Miss Grace Damian.
1890—Jan. 4.	Mr. Plunket Greene.
Jan. 11.	Mr. Frederick Corder.
Jan. 18.	Madame Georgina Burns.
Jan. 25.	Professor Arthur de Greef.
Feb. 1.	Miss Margaret Macintyre.
Feb. 8.	Mr. J. L. Toole.
Feb. 15.	Miss Caroline Geisler-Schubert.
Feb. 22.	Browning's "Strafford."
Mar. 1.	Mr. Leslie Crotty.
Mar. 8.	Miss Marguerite Hall.
Mar. 15.	Mr. Hamish Mac Cann.
Mar. 22.	The Late Dr. Wilde.
Mar. 29.	Mr. Frederic Lamond.
April 5.	Dr. G. C. Martin.
April 12.	Miss Agnes Janson.
April 19.	Mrs. Langtry.
April 26.	Miss Zélie de Lussan.
May 3.	Mr. Bernard Staven.
May 10.	Miss Fanny Moody.
May 17.	Madame Teresa Carreno.
May 24.	Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.
May 31.	Mr. J. J. Paderewski.
June 7.	Moritz Moszkowski.
June 14.	Madame Sophie Menter.
June 21.	Miss Ada Behan.
June 28.	Herr Willy Hess.
July 5.	Miss Janotha.
July 12.	M. Sapellnikoff.
July 19.	Mr. Hermann Vezin.
July 26.	Mr. Willard.
Aug. 2.	Miss Amy Sherwin.
Aug. 9.	Mrs. Kendal.
Aug. 16.	Signor Piatti.
Aug. 23.	Signor Foll.
Aug. 30.	Mr. F. R. Benson.
Sept. 6.	Madame Clara Schumann.
Sept. 13.	Mr. Edward Lloyd.
Sept. 20.	Miss Dorothy Dene.
Sept. 27.	Mr. Charles Santley.
Oct. 4.	Henrik Ibsen.
Oct. 11.	Miss Kate Chaplin.
Oct. 18.	Dr. H. H. Parry.
Oct. 25.	Sir Charles Hallé.
Nov. 1.	Senor Albeniz.
Nov. 8.	Mr. F. Barrington Foote.
Nov. 15.	Lady Hallé.

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